

MAY 4, 1923

No. 918

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FORTUNE WEEKLY.

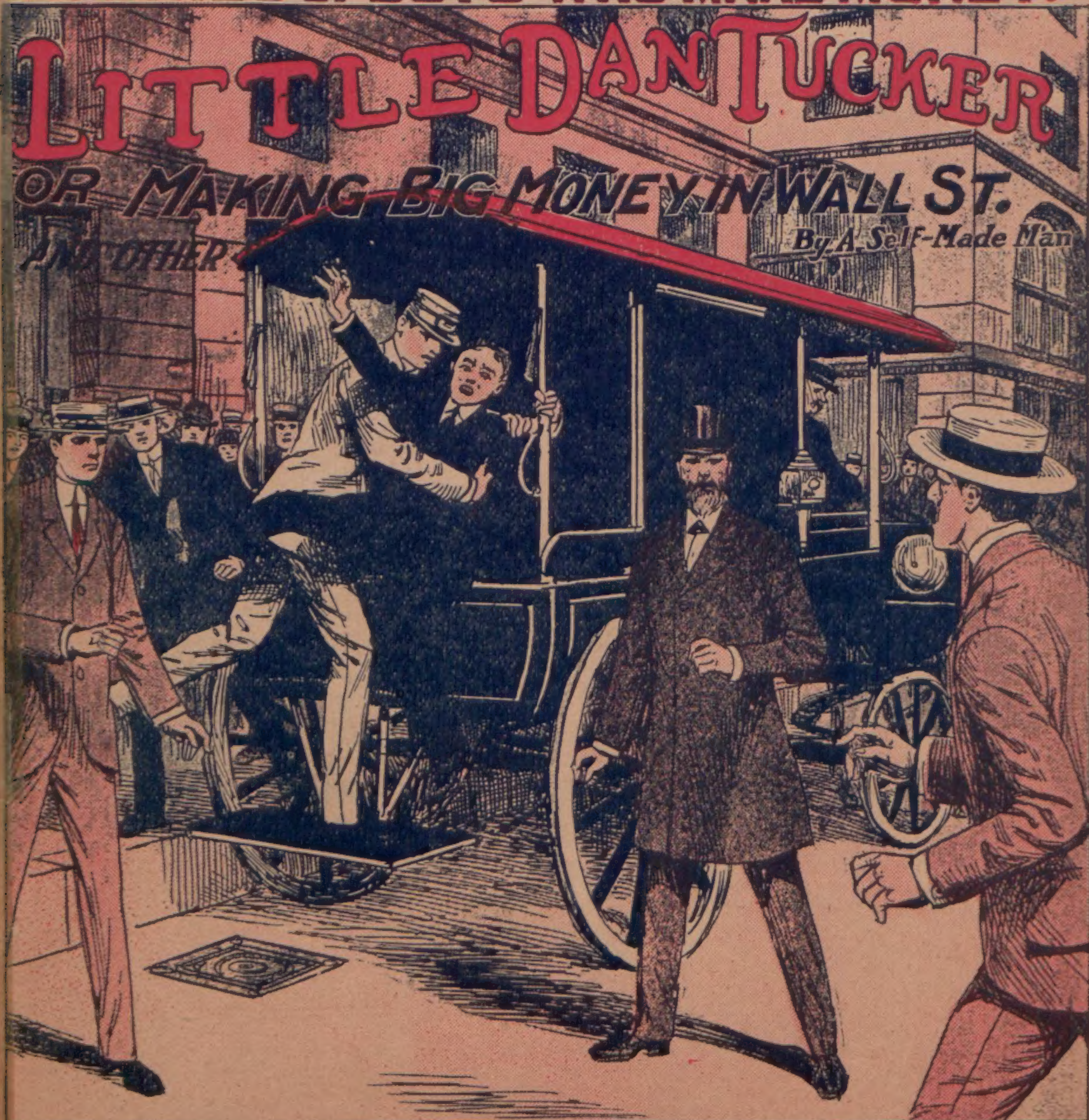
STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

LITTLE DAN TUCKER

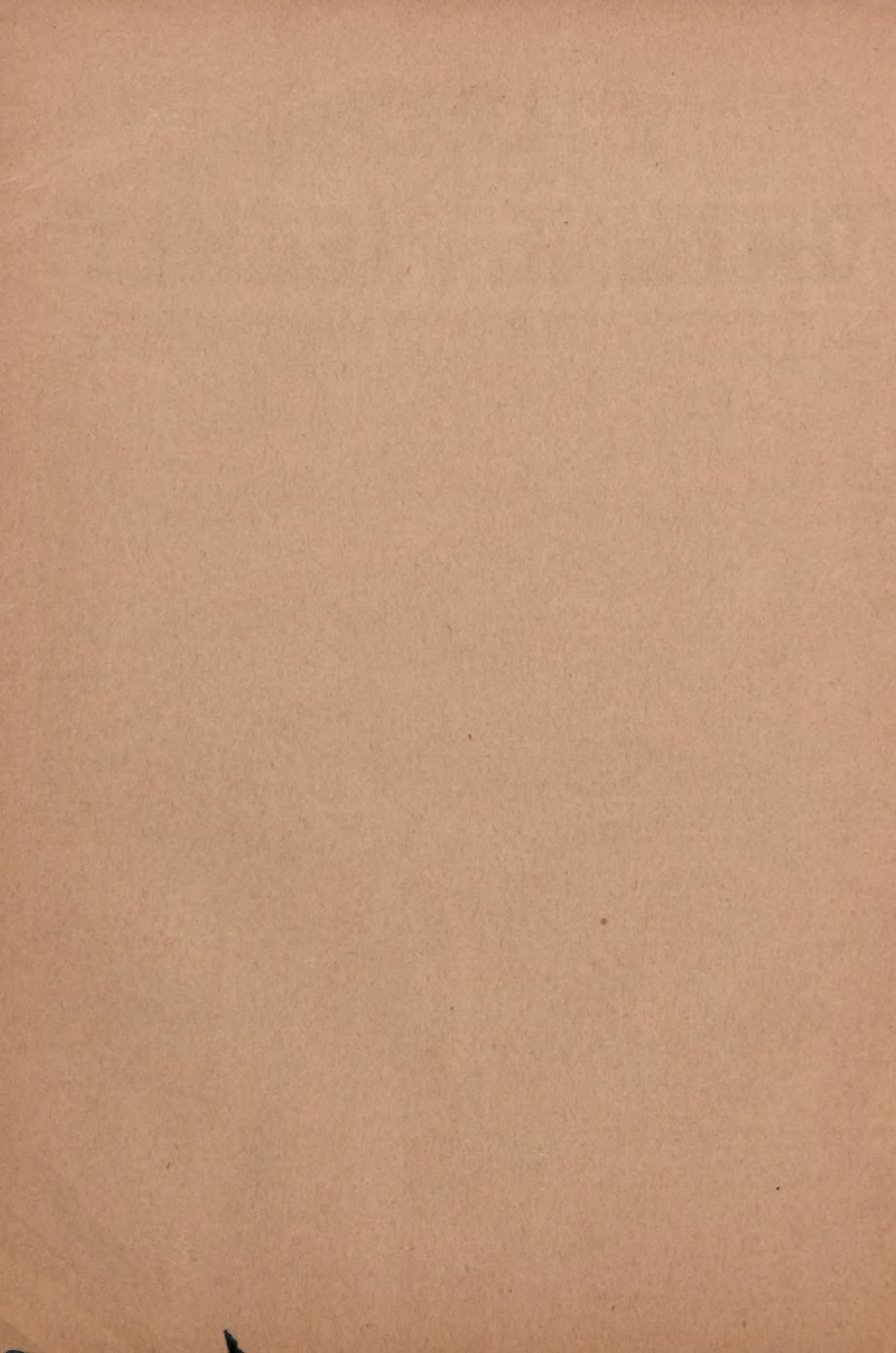
OR MAKING BIG MONEY IN WALL ST.

AND OTHER

By A Self-Made Man



Quick as a wink the man who posed as the ambulance surgeon seized little Dan Tucker in his arms and lifted him, struggling, into the vehicle. The bystanders looked on with astonishment, while the two brokers stood ready to prevent interference.



FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 918

NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1923

Price 7 Cents

LITTLE DAN TUCKER

OR, MAKING BIG MONEY IN WALL STREET

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Little Dan Tucker.

"Dan," said Broker Carson, coming out of his private room.

"Yes, sir," said the office boy, springing from his chair.

"Take this note to Mr. Green, Johnstone Building."

"Yes, sir."

"And get an answer."

"All right, sir."

"Be sure and see Green himself."

"If he isn't in, I'll fetch it back, sir?"

"Find out where he is in that case and hunt him up. This note is important."

"I'll do it."

"Hustle." And the boss returned into his room.

Dan, who was undersized for his age and freckle-faced, grabbed his hat and was off like a shot. His other name was Tucker, and the boys of the financial district called him little Dan Tucker. Dan lived with his mother in a big double-decker tenement on the East Side. Her husband, who had been a truck driver, was dead a number of years. His unexpected demise left her almost stranded with a small son—to wit, Dan.

She was equal to the emergency. As soon as Dan Tucker, Sr., had been suitably waked and planted in Calvary Cemetery, his widow lost no time in useless weeping and wailing over her late liege lord, who, by the bye, hadn't been a model husband, but put her wits to work to provide a living for herself and little Dan, who was attending the public school. Her sympathizing friends suggested that she either go out by the day or take in washing. Mrs. Tucker had other views and proceeded to carry them out. She equipped herself with a portable table, the legs of which could be folded up, made for her by a neighboring carpenter, a camp-stool and a capacious basket; and to this paraphernalia she added a large, weather-beaten, yellow umbrella, bearing the legend in black letters, "Get your Shoes at Bixby's," presented to her by a friendly truck driver, who had acted as master of the ceremonies at her husband's wake.

She purchased a supply of apples and peanuts, and forthwith set up shop at the corner of Broadway and Vesey street, against the tall iron railing surrounding St. Paul's church-yard. She was practically a squatter on forbidden ground, but that fact did not worry her. O'Reilly,

the cop on the beat, when he came along, asked her for her permit. She had none, of course, so he told her he'd have to dispossess her. She had declined to move, declaring this was a free country and she had a perfect right to make a living anywhere in the public thoroughfare. Her argument, however, wouldn't hold water, and the cop declared if she would not move he'd have to close up her shop forthwith. Her protests drew a crowd, and among others a politician high in authority at the City Hall. He inquired into the cause of the disturbance and learned the facts. So he took the cop aside and said a few things to him.

Thereupon the officer walked off, leaving the woman in possession. The crowd felt like cheering because the widow had come out on top, but, instead, their enthusiasm took a more practical shape, and they invested all around in apples and peanuts, to Mrs. Tucker's great satisfaction. Next day the politician came that way again and handed the woman a license entitling her to stay on the corner till a year had expired. This privilege cost her nothing under the circumstances. Mrs. Tucker stayed on the corner, and for eight years, up to the opening of our story, she could be found there almost every day, rain or shine, and was likely to continue boss of the corner as long as she chose. During the summer Mrs. Tucker added pink lemonade to her stock, as well as peanut brittle candy, and did a rushing trade in those articles with the passing telegraph messenger boys, with whom she was a popular character. So much for Mrs. Tucker, who now had a comfortable balance in the Hibernia Bank and felt as independent as the head of Tammany Hall.

Dan thought as much of his mother as any boy in the world and treated her with more respect than many boys do their mothers. Dan had now been three years in Wall Street and had given perfect satisfaction. Every Saturday at about one o'clock he made straight for the corner of Broadway and Vesey street and handed over his pay envelope to his mother, receiving in return a quarter, usually in small change, and permission to get off and amuse himself in any way he saw fit, provided he turned up around seven at the tenement for supper, or had a good reason for not doing so. To return to Dan and his errand to Broker Green, of Green & Hawke, in the Johnstone Building. He soon reached his destination and asked for the trader.

"Not in," said the cashier. "You may leave your message with me."

"My orders are to hand it to Mr. Green personally," replied the boy. "Where will I find him?"

"I couldn't tell you, but as I expect him back any minute you had better wait."

There was a bunch of people in the room, and the two or three chairs were occupied. To make sure that he would see the broker just as soon as he came in, Dan decided to walk into his private room and wait there.

A big easy-chair on the other side of the broker's private safe took Dan's eye, and he sat down in it to try it. Dan wasn't accustomed to being alone for any length of time, and as the only sounds that reached him were the footsteps of passers-by in the corridor, he soon began to nod over the news in the paper and presently fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.—Little Dan Overhears Something Not Intended for His Ears.

How long little Dan slept serenely in the comfortable arm-chair is a matter of no importance; it is enough to know that he awoke suddenly and heard voices in the room. Broker Green was at his desk, and his partner sat between him and the safe, with his back to it. Dan was about to throw off the newspaper and announce his presence in the room when he heard a voice say:

"We've only one course before us, Green, if we are to save ourselves from going to the wall—we've got to use those securities belonging to young Harry Hilton."

"I don't see how we can touch them, Hawke. The boy will be of age in a week or two, and he will expect us to turn them over to him," replied Green.

"We must put him off. I fancy it will not be so difficult to invent some excuse to cover the ground."

"We might interview the young man, explain the difficult position we are in, and ask him to defer——"

"Don't be a fool, Green," said Hawke, impatiently. "Do you suppose young Hilton would let us use his property if he knew we were in a hole? Not for a moment. He wouldn't leave the office without his bonds. He wouldn't take any chances for our benefit."

"But if we use his securities without his permission how are we going to justify the action? He could not have us arrested for appropriating property which did not belong to us."

"Leave that to me, Green. I will see that he does not make any trouble for us."

"How will you?"

"I have a particular friend named Shabner who will strain a point to oblige me. He will see to it that young Hilton is quietly removed to a place where the bonds will be of no use to him."

There was silence for a few moments in the room.

"I'm afraid you mean harm to young Hilton," said Green, slowly.

"There should be no sentiment in business. Avarice always begins at home. We have reached

a crisis in our affairs where we must act to save ourselves. What is Hilton to us? Nothing. He is not even a prospective customer. If he takes those bonds away that is the last we shall see of him. We need money. We have simply got to have it to square ourselves with our creditors. Those bonds are in our reach. All we need do is make use of them."

"You mean hypothecate them, I suppose?"

"We can raise about seventy per cent. of their value that way, for they are gilt-edged; but I am not sure that would be enough to see us through. We might have to sell them outright."

"How would we be able to return them to Hilton, in that case, supposing we succeeded in putting him off? He has a paper containing the numbers."

"Don't worry. I will see the young man and fix it up with him."

"You seem confident of being able to persuade him to——"

"I have no doubt about it. The matter is settled then? We will use the bonds to pull ourselves out of our hole? That is understood, is it?"

"I suppose so," replied Green, in a hesitating tone.

"That's the way to talk, Green," said Hawke, slapping his partner on the knee. "The only fault I find with you is your lack of sand in an emergency. If you did not have me at your elbow to stiffen your backbone I'm thinking you'd soon be down and out. Now that we have settled this matter let us see how we stand. Who is the largest creditor—Carson, isn't it?"

"Yes, here is the list of our indebtedness."

"We'll have to settle with him in full for cash. He won't accept any compromise in the way of a note. He is sore on us since that Erie deal last spring, when we caught him in a trap and made him come down on the nail. It is my opinion that he has been laying for us ever since, and that when he saw we were in Iron Mountain up to our neck he went around among his rich friends and engineered the job which has left us where we are."

"I suspected as much."

"Well, never mind. We may get him where the shoe pinches. I have a long memory, and I always endeavor to return favors received. Dixon, I see, has quite a claim upon us. He is a particular friend of Carson's, and we can hardly expect any consideration from him. Janeway is another member of the Carson clique. This list is full of earmarks that show the hand of Carson in our downfall," said Hawke, returning it to his partner. "I would risk a life sentence in Sing Sing sooner than that bunch should wipe us off the Wall Street map."

Hawke turned around and his eye caught sight of Dan's exposed leg. He uttered an imprecation, which attracted his partner's attention, strode to the armchair and snatched away the newspaper. Little Dan sat revealed to both men.

"By Jove!" cried Hawke, "what do you think of that? And it's Carson's boy, too. If he has heard our conversation——"

"He seems to be asleep," he said. "How came he in here?"

"Here, wake up, young man," said Hawke,

shaking Dan by the arm, and watching the effect closely.

Little Dan was not only shrewd, but a good actor in his way. After what he had overheard he knew it would not do to let on that he had been awake at any stage of the game. He sprang out of the chair, in apparent confusion, and putting his hand into his pocket drew out Mr. Carson's note.

"I brought this note for you, Mr. Green," he said, holding it out.

"Hum!" said Green, taking it. "Will you explain why you came in here when I was not in the room?"

"The cashier told me he expected you back any minute and told me to wait. As the room was full outside, and I wanted to deliver that note right off the reel, I thought I'd come in here. I picked up a paper to read, and I guess I fell asleep for a couple of minutes, for I was kind of sleepy."

"A couple of minutes!" said Green. "Do you recollect when you came in?"

"Yes, sir. It was twenty-five minutes past one by the office clock outside."

"And what time do you suppose it is now?"

"Half-past one or maybe a little later."

"Green took out his watch, looked at it and held it before Dan's eyes.

"Do you see what time it is?" he said.

Dan's eyes stuck out with simulated astonishment. Green opened the note and found not only what he expected, but something more. He passed the note to his partner. Hawke read it and passed it back with a frown.

"Tell him we'll settle in full in twenty-four hours," he said.

So Green went to his desk, wrote the reply, put it in an envelope and handed it to Dan, who hurried off with it.

CHAPTER III.—Dan Butts In.

Little Dan Tucker turned up at his office at three o'clock.

"Where have you been all this time, young man?" said Cashier Jones. "Mr. Carson has been looking for you. He went to the Exchange at two and has telephoned three times to know if you had got back. Did it take you all this time to reach Mr. Green?"

"I didn't see him till fifteen minutes ago," replied Dan, quite truthfully.

"Well, as the Exchange has just closed for the day there is no use of you taking the note over there. I guess Mr. Carson will be back soon. Keep it and hand it to him when he comes in."

Dan took his seat by the window. He generally took the day's deposits to the bank just before three, but the junior clerk performed that duty when he was not on hand. That young man was now at the bank. For the time being Dan had nothing to do, so his thoughts turned to the conversation he had overheard between Green and his partner in their office.

"So they're going to make free with the bonds belonging to a young fellow named Harry Hilton, who comes of age in a week or two, in order to

save themselves from going to the wall, and if Hilton puts up any squeal Mr. Hawke is going to fix him somehow. That's nice business for a respectable brokerage firm to be guilty of. But, of course, they're in a pretty bad fix, and I guess a good many brokers would take some chances to keep from busting up. Still Green & Hawke have no right to work any crooked game to save themselves."

The entrance of Broker Carson cut short Dan's soliloquy. He jumped up and handed Green's note over to his employer. The gentleman tore it open and read it, then he turned to the boy.

"You seem to have had quite a time finding Mr. Green?" he said.

Dan might have said "Yes, sir," and have got off with that. Mr. Carson was about to say something else when a friend of his came in and Dan, much to his satisfaction, escaped further questioning. He was sent out again presently, and kept busy until nearly four. Nothing further being wanted of him he left for the day. Before going, however, he looked over the final quotations on the ticker tape and found that the stock in which he was interested had gone up another point.

Dan walked up to Broadway and thence up that thoroughfare to Vesey street to see if his mother had any orders to give him. During the first six months of his career in Wall Street he used to help his mother by carrying her paraphernalia from the house to the corner mornings, and back again about dusk. As Mrs. Tucker grew prosperous she hired a stout boy, who lived in the tenement, to perform that labor for her, this relieving Dan of the duty. Since that time Dan was expected to have supper under way at home against her return. Mrs. Tucker was reading one of the afternoon papers when Dan came up.

"How's business to-day, mother?" he asked.

"Faith, I can't complain. Me takin's have been about the same as usual," she replied. "I suppose there is nothin' new in Wall Street to-day?"

"There's a new boy next door to us they're breaking into the business, and our junior clerk sported a new tie to-day," grinned Dan.

"Get along wid yer jokin'. Do yez sit down here now and moind the stand while I go down the block to stretch me legs."

His mother got up and walked away, leaving him in charge. Pretty soon along came a Wall Street messenger he knew.

"Hello, Dan," said the boy, stopping. "What are you doing here?"

"Tending shop. Want to buy an apple?"

"No. What are you doing it for?" said the lad, who did not know that Dan's mother ran the business, as Dan kept that fact a secret from his associates in the financial district.

"I'm doing it to oblige the owner of the stand."

"Why don't you buy an interest in the business and run it after office hours?" grinned the youth.

"I will if you'll go in partnership with me."

"Ho! I'd see myself tending a peanut stand. What do you think I am?"

"You might do worse," replied Dan.

At that moment an A. D. T. messenger stopped.

"Where's the old woman?" he asked.

"She's gone around the block to see how the weather will be to-morrow," said Dan.

"I suppose you think that's funny? Give me two apples for a cent."

"The apples are fresh and haven't any scent. You'll find all you want of that at the drugstore across the street," getting back at the messenger, for the cheapest apples on the stand were ticketed at two cents, or three for a nickel.

"Aw, rats!" cried the messenger, in disgust, and picking up an apple and handing Tom two cents, he walked off.

Dan put the money on the corner of the stand and picked up the paper, for his Wall Street acquaintance had walked on. He sold some peanuts next and several more apples. Then his mother came back and told him he could go.

He started for the tenement house on Cannon street, going up Park Row, and thence into East Broadway. He stopped at a butcher's shop, and then at a grocery, and finally reached the tenement with several packages. Everybody in the neighborhood knew Dan either by sight or to speak to. He was the best dressed boy in the block, but this fact had ceased to occasion any remark, for every one knew he worked in Wall Street and had to look well. The street was alive with kids of all ages and sizes. There were half a dozen grogshops in the immediate vicinity, and they did not lack for custom, particularly after the shades of night had fallen, and their gas-jets were lighted.

They were the curse of the neighborhood, because men spent more money over their bars than they could afford, and in many cases their families were half-starved and ill-clothed in consequence. One of the small stores, with living rooms in the rear of the tenement in which Dan lived, was rented by a cobbler of surly aspect. When he wasn't pounding away at a shoe across his knees he was licking his wife, or by way of variety his twelve-year-old step-daughter. He seemed determined to let his neighbors know he was alive. He kept a stone jug containing liquid stimulant within reach, to which he frequently applied himself. He always scowled at Dan when he saw him. He hated the boy because he looked prosperous, and everybody spoke well of him. As Dan was entering the doorway with his bundles he noticed a sudden commotion in the cobbler's shop. He heard the cobbler's strident voice raised in anger, and mingled with it were the girlish tones of his step-daughter uttered in protest. Then came a heavy slap, as if the man's leather strap had descended on the girl's back, which brought a shrill scream from the lips of the sufferer. As the rumpus increased the children in the immediate vicinity were attracted to the doorway, and stood around it in a semi-circle looking into the shop.

"The old villain is laying it on to Jess again," said Dan, stopping where he was. "He's a brute and ought to be arrested and sent to the Island."

The girl's screams increased as the strap continued to descend upon her back and shoulders, hardly protected by the thin calico gown she wore.

Dan felt that he couldn't stand by and know that the girl was being half murdered by her step-father; but to interfere meant trouble, for

Cris Bocker was a dangerous man to monkey with.

"Here, Tim, hold my packages, will you?" said Dan.

He showed his bundles on the boy, pushed through the mob around the door and entered the shop.

"Help, help!" screamed Jessie Bocker. "Don't hit me any more, you're killing me!" added the girl, piteously.

Bocker's eyes were fierce and bloodshot, and he seemed to have lost all command over himself. He was clearly under the influence of the rotgut spirits he imbibed from the jug.

"I don't care if I do kill you, you little jade!" he hissed. "I'll make you do as I want or I'll break every bone in your body."

At that moment Dan caught his descending arm and arrested the blow half-way.

"Here, you big coward, cut this out!" cried the boy, with flushing eye. "You've gone far enough. Drop that strap!"

Bocker turned his inflamed eyes upon Dan. When he saw who it was he uttered a howl of rage, released his step-daughter and tried to tear his arm free with the intention of hitting the plucky lad. Dan gave his wrist a smart twist. The cobbler uttered a yell of pain and dropped the strap. Then with a howl of wrath he made a dive for his bench, snatched up his short, curved knife, with its razor edge, that he used for cutting leather, and made a lunge at the boy with it.

There was murder in his eyes at that moment, and there isn't any doubt that his intention was to kill Dan. But the boy was too quick for him, and seizing his arm, held him off."

Then a desperate struggle took place between them, with the knife flashing to and fro in the air.

CHAPTER IV.—Dan Wins Out.

Jessie Bocker watched the conflict with frightened and distended eyes. The children, and the two or three men who had joined them, watched it also, from outside. The latter, though able-bodied fellows, made no attempt to interfere to prevent a possible tragedy. Everybody was afraid of the cobbler. Crash! Dan and Bocker tripped over the bench, upsetting it and going down in a heap, the boy on top. The struggle went on amid the wreck of tools, pieces of leather and bunches of old shoes. Bocker kicked the boy in the side with his knee. Dan felt that it was high time to bring matters to a conclusion. He tore his right arm from the cobbler's grasp, and before that individual could secure another hold Dan smashed his fist in his face. Quick as a wink he repeated the blow on the end of the man's jaw and Bocker lay back dazed. Before he could recover his wits, Dan got the knife out of his hand and flung it under the wide window shelf on which were exhibited mended shoes, pots of blacking, and various other things connected with Bocker's business. Then he got up and looked at the dazed cobbler.

"Run, run?" cried Jessie, laying her hand on his arm. "He'll murder you when he comes to."

"No, he won't. He's tried that already. You'd better get out of the way yourself or he might take the strap to you again after I am out of the way."

"It was so kind of you to save me from him," said the girl, shaking all over. "I am very grateful to you, indeed I am."

"That's all right. You're welcome. Now go back into your rooms."

"But you must go at once," she said, earnestly.

"Sure, in a minute."

At that juncture a policeman, attracted by the crowd and excitement, came along. He soon learned what the trouble was and pushed his way into the shop. He knew what kind of a man Cris Bocker was, and wouldn't have been surprised had he heard he had murdered his wife, or his step-daughter, or both of them. He had arrested the man several times, but could not get Mrs. Bocker to appear against him, so the magistrate was forced to discharge him, except on one occasion when the policeman happened to be an eye-witness, and then he gave him ten days in the city prison.

From the little the cop picked up concerning the present trouble he guessed a case could be made out against the scoundrel. Bocker was coming to when he marched into the shop.

"What's the trouble?" he asked Dan.

The boy told him in a few words.

"So he tried to stab you with his cobbler's knife?" said the cop.

"Yes," nodded Dan.

"I'll take him in for that and you will have to press the case against him. Where's the knife?"

"I threw it under that shelf."

"Fish it out, then. You were present during the whole trouble, wasn't you?" the officer asked the girl.

"Yes," replied Jessie.

"Then you can swear that your step-father tried to stab this boy?"

The girl hesitated. She regarded it as much as her life was worth to swear to anything against her step-father. The ruffian had her and her mother completely terrorized. The cop understood the case with her.

"I'll have you summoned as a witness anyway," he said.

By that time Dan had recovered the knife and handed it to the officer. The policeman took a look at the crowd in the doorway, and noted down in his book the names of several men he knew. He also took down the names of the larger children.

"Now then, Bocker, put on your coat and come with me," he said to the cobbler.

That individual protested against his arrest, but he had no say in the matter, and was marched off. The crowd melted away, the men hoping that the cobbler would get what he deserved, without having any suspicion that they would be called upon to assist in the good work.

"Are you going to appear in court against my step-father, Dan?" asked Jessie, apprehensively.

"I'll have to. So will you. And I guess several in the crowd who saw the scrap will be summoned too," said Dan.

"But if you tell everything, and he is sent to the Island, he will kill you when he gets free."

"If he's convicted, as I guess he will be, he won't go to the Island, but to Sing Sing. Assaulting me with his knife is a whole lot more serious than beating you and your mother with his strap or fists. It comes under the charge of murderous assault. It might get from five to ten years. I hope he does. You and your mother will be well rid of him. If you are smart both of you will keep out of his way when he leaves prison. Such a scoundrel doesn't deserve to have a decent wife and daughter. Where is your mother? She didn't show up during the disturbance."

"She went uptown to see her sister. She ought to be back soon."

"You can tell her about the trouble, and also that Bocker is likely this time to get all that's coming to him."

With those words Dan walked out of the shop, recovered his packages and went upstairs, where he began preparations for supper. The incident soon circulated all over the block. The women canvassed the arrest of the cobbler among themselves, from window to window, or in little groups in the hallways. Dan was a general favorite in that neighborhood and they shook their heads over the ultimate result of Bocker's incarceration, for the man was generally feared.

"Sure he'll kill the b'y whin he gets out," said one woman, "and thin what will Mrs. Tucker do without her Danny?"

"I think it's our duty, faith, to advise her to be after movin' at wanst before the old villain returns to his shop," said another. "That will be the safest way, don't yez think?"

"If he gets a year on the Island for tryin' to stab the boy, as I heard he did, sure she can take her own time about movin'," put in a third.

"But will he get a year? Faith, I doubt it," said the first speaker.

"That depinds on the evidence in coort, Mrs. Hennessy. His daughter was presint and if she backs up Dan's tistimony, sure he'll get it all right."

"She wouldn't dare say a word ag'in him. He'd cut her into pieces whin he got out, do yez mind."

"Sure, he would that. Me husband saw the whole thing, and I cautioned him to forgit it, so I did. I have no desire to be left a widder."

"Do yez think the cop will supeny any of the children? Me Mary Ellen was in the dureway and saw it all. It's nervous I am about what might happen to her if she had to give her evidence before the magistrate."

"Don't worry, Mrs. McFadden. There was a bunch of thim about the dure and the cop would have to supeny the crowd to get her, and how would he know who they were, sure? Anyway yez had better tell her to be sparin' of her gab about the affair, thin no wan will find out she knows anythin' at all at all."

"But Mary Ellen towld me she saw the cop lookin' at the people in the dureway and writin' down their names maybe in his book."

"It was probably the men he was takin' down. It's glad I am me man was not home from wurruk to be wan of thim."

The trouble created quite a breeze of excitement all through the block, and while sentiment

was strong against the cobbler, no one believed he would receive more than a nominal punishment for his attack on little Dan Tucker. An hour later Mrs. Tucker's well-known expansive figure, followed by the boy with the greater part of her shop fixings and stock, came down the block. A bunch of women, canvassing the recent episode, around one of the tenement doorways waylaid her, and told her the whole story. In their opinion her son had had a fortunate escape from a slab in the morgue, but nevertheless they feared what might ultimately happen to him when the cobbler returned to his stamping grounds. Mrs. Tucker was a woman of few words on occasions, and this time she elected to hazard few remarks until she had seen her son and learned the facts from their source. All she would say was that she guessed Danny could take care of himself, and further that she would feel very sorry for the cobbler, as big a ruffian as he was, if he hurt her son.

These few words were accompanied by an aggressive squaring of her jaws, and a flash in her eyes, which confirmed the impression that prevailed already that the Tuckers, at least, were not afraid of Cris Bocker. When the boy had deposited his load inside the Tucker quarters and departed Mrs. Tucker removed her hat and turning to little Dan, who was busy at the stove, said:

"What's this I hear about yez buttin' into the cobbler's domestic affairs on your way home? I want the story now without any filigree work, do yez moind, for it luks to me as if yez had put yer fut in it."

Dan gave it to her straight. She listened without interrupting him.

"So thim are the facts?" she said.

"Yes, mother."

"I belave yez, and I have no fault to find wid ye under the circumstances, though it's me opinion that ye can't luk for trouble easier than to butt in where yez are not wanted. So the villain tried to stab ye, did he? And ye got him pinched for it? Be me sowl it's high time, so it is, that he was put through for wanst. Ye have me permission to see it through, be the consequences what they may. The girl will have to tell her story and back yez up. I'll make it me business after supper to call on her and put some backbone into her. She'll go to coort if I have to carry her there, bedad, and she'll spake up whin she gets there if I have anythin' to say about it. I'm goin' to see that Cris Bocker gets tin years in the penitentiary. He deserves ivery day av it. It will be a charity to his wife and step-daughter to have him sint away for a good spell. Now what other witnesses were there? I hear that Mary Ellen McFadden was wan of thim, and Patrick Hinnessy another."

"Yes. The cop took down their names and several others."

"Glory be, it's a funk they'll be in whin they are supenied to appear. They are all afraid of the cobbler. Well, here's their chance to get rid av him for some time to come, and it's fools they'd be not to take advantage of the chance. It's meself that'll see that they don't sneak out of their juty."

Mrs. Tucker was clearly a woman who meant

business when she got going. Everybody in the block was aware of that fact. And she was respected accordingly. After supper Mrs. Tucker called upon Mrs. Bocker and Jessie. She congratulated Mrs. Bocker on the prospect of her worthless husband getting what he deserved. Then she opened on Jessie and laid the law down to her good and strong.

"Ye'll back up me Danny in coort or I'll know why yez won't. It's for your own good and yer mother's, anyway. Me Danny tuk his loife in his hands to serve yez, and so it's yer duty to do the right thing. Ye'll be supenied anyway, and I'm goin' to be in the coort to see that yez tell the truth, moind that. Your a good girl, I know, but ye are afraid to death of that man. Please the pigs, we'll put him where he won't do no harm for a while to come," she said.

Jessie tearfully promised to corroborate Dan in court, and Mrs. Tucker retired satisfied that she would.

CHAPTER V.—Dan Saves a Young Lady.

Dan was notified that Bocker would have a preliminary hearing at the Tombs Police Court next day at eleven o'clock, and he was instructed to be on hand. The policeman who made the arrest went around early next morning and notified Jessie Bocker and five other witnesses that they must appear in court at the designated hour to testify in the case. Great was the consternation in the homes of the five. Three were men and two were large children, Mary Ellen McFadden being one of the latter.

The officer told them that if they were not present on time they would be arrested for contempt of court. Dan went to his office at the usual time, and when Mr. Carson came in he showed him the court order he had received, and told him the circumstances of the case. He received permission to comply with the order. When he reached the police court he found everybody connected with the case already there, the children accompanied by their mothers. Mrs. Tucker was also on hand, prepared to see that the witnesses did their duty. The cobbler was called to the bar and pleaded not guilty. He was sober now, but just as rascally looking. Little Dan Tucker told his story, which was corroborated by Jessie in a frightened way, and by the five witnesses unwillingly. The magistrate held Bocker for the action of the Grand Jury, and placed his bond at \$2,500. Had it been much less, no one would have come forward to qualify as security, so he was remanded to the Tombs. Dan then returned to Wall Street, reaching the office at about half-past one. On his first trip out he got a sight of the market quotations on the blackboard at the Exchange, and found L. & M. up to 93, a rise of four points since the day previous. That made him feel extra good, and he began to think about selling his shares. He had no chance to go near the little bank, anyway, as he was kept very busy, and when the Exchange closed his stock was one point higher. Green & Hawke settled in full with Broker Carson, which included not only his own account, but that of his friends.

From their other creditors they secured part

time, and in this way just pulled through. They used the \$100,000 worth of bonds belonging to Harry Hilton, Hawke having sold them at their market price. The sale was perfectly legal, Green & Hawke being responsible for it. The purchasers got a clear title to the bonds under the Wall Street rules. Hilton would have to look to Green & Hawke for his money. If they did not settle with him on demand he could proceed against the firm in a civil action to recover, and against the brokers individually criminally. If he consented to give them time to make good and they failed to do so, he then could only sue the firm for the value of bonds with interest. Green & Hawke knew they had placed themselves in a delicate situation. Hawke had his plans laid and had no doubt of pulling through. His first move was to see Hilton when the young man called for his property, state the case and make him a proposition. If Hilton accepted it, Green & Hawke would be safe from prosecution for using the bonds without authority, but Hawke had not much confidence in the result.

He therefore called on his friend, Moe Shabner, to help him out if need be. Shabner was principal proprietor of a gambling establishment frequented by men about town and others of means. This place occupied a large five-story brown stone front on a side street off Fifth avenue uptown. It was well known to the police department, but for reasons enjoyed immunity in a general way, but just the same Shabner took no chances that he could help. Incidentally Shabner was a power in the underworld and owned another place on the middle East Side. This establishment was also protected, but was subject to a raid from the police at any time, though word always reached Shabner's manager in advance, so that nothing came of the raids. It was frequented altogether by crooks, who usually lost all their ill-gotten gains there on a game that was in great favor with them.

As men wanted by the authorities for various crimes were here almost every night, secret passages leading from the cellar to side and back streets furnished them with opportunities for a quick getaway.

There were other appendages to the place which could be called into use when necessary, and the crowd could always be depended on to assist in case their services were needed. Shabner, who felt under a certain obligation to Hawke for Wall Street tips, willingly agreed to help the broker out, and so the matter rested for the present. On the following day L. & M. went with a rush to par, and Dan sold out, clearing \$2,000 on his deal. Two days later he collected his money.

"How mother would stare if she heard I was worth over \$3,000," thought Dan. "But I know what she'd do. She'd take the money away from me and that would end my Wall Street luck. So I don't mean to let her know anything about it. What she doesn't know won't trouble her, and as I've made the money I have the right to keep it, and I intend to, for she doesn't need any of it. I'd be glad to give up half of it if she would quit business, but that I'm afraid she won't do in a hurry. She wouldn't be contented to stay away from Broadway and Vesey street. She ought to have been a man for she's got the business in-

stinct. My father never looked beyond the truck he drove. I certainly don't take after him. I hope to amount to something some day, and it won't be my fault if I don't."

As Dan believed in keeping his money at work, he kept his eyes open for another chance in the market. It came along in a few days, for business was good in Wall Street in those days, and he put \$2,000 up on 200 shares of O. & G., which was advancing. He bought the stock at 88 and then kept his eyes on the daily quotations. Although ten days elapsed since he overheard the conversation between Broker Green and his partner, the matter had not slipped his mind. His sympathies were with young Hilton, but he did not see that he could do anything to help that young fellow, with whose identity he was unacquainted. On the following Saturday afternoon Dan, as usual, brought his pay envelope to his mother at her stand.

"Now, Dan," she said, "I want yez to go uptown for me."

"All right, mother," he replied.

"Do yez see this advertisement?" she continued, holding up a cutting from one of the dailies. "It's Berne's on Twenty-third strate. Get wan av thim things. The price yez see is forty-nine cints, reduced from sivinty-five. Here's the money, wid tin cints for carfare, and the quarter ye always get."

"Isn't it about time you raised me to half a dollar?" grinned Dan.

"Half a dollar, is it? Don't I give yez all the money ye want? Ye get fifteen cints ivery mornin' for your lounch, and extry money if yez want to go to some show durin' the wake, And I pay for your clothes. What more do yez want?"

"I was only foolin' mother," said Dan. "You want one of these a...cles in this advertisement? All right. You'll find it at home when you get there."

"Run along now, so yez may have toime to go somewhere before ye nade be at home to start the fire in the stove."

Dan boarded a Broadway car and rode up to Twenty-third street. A pretty and well-dressed young lady got off the car ahead of him. As she started for the sidewalk a cab came down on that side of the car, and the vehicle would have knocked her down and run over her but for quick action on the part of Dan, who was close behind her.

In spite of his stunted size, Dan's arms were equipped with muscles of steel. He grabbed the girl, whose age was apparently fifteen, and swung her out of the way as easily as though she was in the grip of a moving derrick. The cab shot by, its wheels brushing the skirts of her gown, then Dan gently let her down on the crossing.

"There you are, miss. I'll take you to the sidewalk," said Dan, taking hold of the frightened girl's arm and leading her along.

He was about to pass on, after raising his hat politely, when the girl caught him by the arm.

"You saved my life," she fluttered. "How can I thank you enough?"

"Don't mention it, miss. You're welcome," returned Dan.

"But I want you to know how much I appreciate the service you have done for me.

"That's all right. Any one appreciates a favor of that kind."

"I want to know your name and address. My mother will wish to thank you," she said.

"My name is Dan Tucker. I work for Broker Carson, at No. — Wall Street. Here is one of his business cards."

"Oh, you are employed in Wall Street? My name is Miss Hilton. My brother and I live at the St. Lucas, an apartment house in West Forty-fifth street. I will give you one of my cards. Won't you call and see us to-morrow evening? My brother will be delighted to meet you."

"I can't promise, Miss Hilton, but I might come."

While speaking they were walking down Twenty-third street together.

"I have to go in here," she said, nodding toward a glove store, where a fine grade of umbrellas, walking canes, and sundry articles in gold and silver plate were also sold. "Now, don't fail to call if you possibly can. We will look for you."

Thus speaking, she offered him her gloved hand, smiled sweetly and entered the store.

CHAPTER VI.—Dan Makes the Acquaintance of Harry Hilton.

Dan went on his way. Hilton, he said, with another look at the card. "She said she and her brother live at the St. Lucas apartment house on West Forty-fifth street. I wonder if her brother could be the Harry Hilton who owns those bonds that Green & Hawke have probably made free with? I ought to have asked her if his name was Harry, and if he had business dealings with Green & Hawke. She's nicely dressed, and very ladylike. She has fine solitaire diamond earrings, and a ring with a cluster of diamonds. She certainly looks as if she were connected with a rich family. Well, I can learn all I want to know by calling to-morrow night. She's a mighty pretty girl, and I wouldn't mind calling on her. I guess I will."

By that time he was abreast of Berne's department store and he went in. Showing the advertisement to a floorwalker, he was directed to the basement. There he found the article his mother wanted which had been on special sale all the week. He bought it and started for Cannon street. On the way he thought a good deal about the fair Miss Hilton, whose other name was Clara, as indicated by the card. He was almost confident that her brother was the owner of the bonds.

"Well, if he is I'm going to put him wise to Green & Hawke, if he hasn't already found out. But, of course, he'll have to regard the disclosure as confidential, for I don't want to get into trouble over it," thought Dan.

After carrying his purchase upstairs to his mother's rooms he went out to find one or more of his acquaintances. He stopped in a few moments to see Jessie Bocker. Her mother had hired a cobbler to carry on her husband's busi-

ness, as he had quite an extensive trade in the neighborhood, for whatever his failings were there was no question about his ability to sole, heel and patch shoes in a first-class manner. Mrs. Bocker hoped to retain her husband's customers, and the chances were she would, for she had the sympathy of the neighborhood.

At Mrs. Tucker's suggestion she added candy and apples as a side line to the regular business, and she soon found that in her case the suggestion was a good one, for the children were told by their mothers to trade with her. Dan got back in time to make the fire and get supper under way, as his mother came home earlier on Saturday. He thought over the question of calling on the Hiltons, and finally decided that he would do it. Miss Hilton being a very charming girl, he wanted to see her again. So telling his mother that he had received an invitation to call on a young lady, whom he had saved from being run over by a cab, and her brother, at their apartments on West Fifty-fifth street, he put on a few extra frills the following evening and took a Third avenue train up to East Forty-second street. The shuttle train took him up Forty-second street as far as the Grand Central depot, and he walked the rest of the way.

The St. Lucas was a first-class apartment house, with an elevator and a hallboy in uniform. The boy, who was colored, ran the elevator whenever anybody wanted to go up or come down. Dan being a stranger to the hallboy, he asked him who he came to see.

"Miss Hilton," replied Dan.

"Third floor," said the boy; "get in the elevator."

Dan got in and was speedily carried up to the floor in question. The boy pushed the button at the only door and waited to see that the visitor was admitted. Clara Hilton was looking for Dan to call, though she was not sure he would, and she had put on a few extra frills herself for his benefit. When the bell rang she went to the door.

"Why, Mr. Tucker. Come right in. I'm awfully glad to see you," she said, holding out her hand in welcome.

Dan thought she looked twice as pretty as the afternoon before, and he was quite overpowered by the great difference between her and the stenographer girls he saw every day on his way downtown to work. She was clearly a superior being, and Danny hardly knew how to deport himself in her presence. The young lady, with quick perception, saw that he acted bashful, so she tried to put him at his ease.

She led Dan along the private hall to the parlor, and pointing to a sofa sat down beside him. In the course of fifteen minutes Dan, though somewhat awed by the style around him, began to feel on quite an easy footing with the young lady. Then she excused herself and left the room. In a few minutes she returned with a good-looking fellow of about twenty-one, whom she introduced to Dan as her brother.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Tucker," said Hilton. "Allow me to thank you for saving my sister from being run over yesterday afternoon. I assure you neither of us will ever forget the obligation."

Dan told him that he was glad to have been of service to his sister.

"I understand that you are employed in Wall Street," said Hilton.

"That's right," nodded Dan.

"What do you do, generally speaking?"

Dan explained his duties.

"Know a firm called Green & Hawke?"

"Very well," replied Dan, now certain that this was Harry Hilton.

"They did business for my father, who was a successful speculator on the market, or rather Mr. Green did, for Hawke only became his partner a short time before my father died. I understand that the firm is thoroughly reliable?"

"That is their reputation, I guess; but they were hit hard in the recent slump in Iron Mountain, in which they were heavily interested."

"Indeed," said Hilton, with a look of concern, while his sister suddenly became grave. "You are sure of that?"

"Yes, because my boss, Mr. Carson, made a lot of money out of them. I believe they had to sell all their securities in order to save themselves from going to the wall."

"Their own securities, of course, you mean?"

"I have an idea, though I am not sure, that they sold \$100,000 worth of bonds belonging to a young man who was soon coming of age and which had been left with them in trust to collect the interest on."

"Oh!" cried Miss Hilton, turning white, and looking as if she was going to faint, while Hilton himself uttered an ejaculation of consternation.

"Where did you get this information from?" he said, anxiously.

"Is your name Harry Hilton?"

"It is."

"Are you almost twenty-one?"

"I will be to-morrow."

"Then I guess those bonds belonged to you."

"You haven't answered my question."

"I will do so now. I wanted to make sure of your identity. I got the information in a way you will probably not approve of, for I got it by listening to a private conversation between Mr. Green and his partner in their own office. It came about by accident, and I would not have been guilty of such a mean thing were it not for the crooked nature of the talk. I deemed it my duty to find out what their game was, for I thought I might be able to find out who Harry Hilton was and warn him of what was on the hooks. I'm afraid as far as that goes I am too late now. The bonds have probably been sold. However, I dare say the firm will make it all right with you when they get on their feet again, only you'll have to wait."

Dan then told the brother and sister everything that happened to him in the office of Green & Hawke the day he fell asleep there in the easy chair.

"I don't know what you think of me for acting the part of a listener, but I meant well, and had I been able to meet you at the time I would have put you wise to the scheme. Mr. Green was not in favor of it, but Mr. Hawke insisted on putting it through, for he said it was the only chance they had to save themselves," said Dan.

"We have no fault to find with you, Tucker. I think you acted right under the circumstances. The plan the gentleman discussed was one which

deserved to be exposed. This is a very serious thing for my sister and myself. She is entitled to one-third of the value of the bonds in which our father invested most of his money shortly before his unexpected death. My father had a great deal of confidence in Mr. Green. He left the bonds with his firm as a sort of trust fund for my sister and myself, the same to be turned over to me on my twenty-first birthday. I then become a trustee of my sister's share, and her guardian till her eighteenth birthday, though I am not bound to turn her share over to her until she is twenty-one. If Green & Hawke have sold the bonds, on their own responsibility, they are not only liable to a civil suit, but to criminal proceedings for having appropriated what did not belong to them. I shall call on the firm to-morrow morning, which was my intention, anyway, and ask for the bonds. If they try to put me off I shall understand the reason and proceed accordingly. I thank you for having told me the truth, and will regard your revelation as confidential."

"I hope you will, for I don't want to get into trouble over it," said Dan.

"Your name will be kept out of the matter, I promise you. Green & Hawke will have to make good, or furnish some assurance that they will do so within a reasonable time. I shall stand no nonsense. The amount at stake is too large."

That was the end of the subject, but Clara Hilton and her brother were rather sober during the rest of the evening, though they did their best to appear cheerful and entertain their guest. When Dan rose to go he was cordially invited to call again soon, which he promised to do.

CHAPTER VII.—Abducted from Wall Street.

Harry Hilton called on Green & Hawke next morning, and he was in a very determined mood. The mere suspicion of crookedness on the part of the firm which he had regarded as thoroughly reliable made him mad. He was expected and was shown into Mr. Hawke's private room. Mr. Green being away at the Exchange. Hilton wanted to see Mr. Green, but he found he couldn't then. Rather than delay the matter he decided to have it out with Mr. Hawke first. Hawke received him in a cordial way, and after a brief talk on foreign things said that he presumed Hilton came after his bonds. The young man said he did. Hawke then told him that owing to a sudden crisis in the affairs of the firm that they had taken the liberty to use the bonds, but it would be all right.

"We are responsible, Hilton, so you need not be worried over the matter. Give us a little time and you shall have your bonds, with full interest," he said.

"That's all right," said Hilton, "but you had no right to dispose of the bonds without consulting with me."

"We had to act on the spur of the moment."

"Then you would have failed if you had not appropriated my property?"

"Hum! I admit we would have been in danger of it."

"Your critical financial condition had nothing to do with me."

"Of course not, but Mr. Green thought that, considering the confidence your father had in him, you would not make a fuss, but be willing to help us out."

"But I understand Mr. Green was not in favor of using the bonds, but yielded to your insistence?"

"What's that?" said Hawke, quickly. "Have you seen Mr. Green?"

"I have not."

"Then on what ground do you make that statement?"

Hilton saw he had said too much and proceeded to hedge, but Hawke was sharp enough to see that he had received some information, and he wondered where he got it. He tried to find out, but Hilton was on his guard and parried his questions.

"What are you going to do about those bonds, Mr. Hawke?" said the young man.

"Hawke made a proposition. Hilton was to release the firm from the responsibility it had assumed without authority, and accept a note, without endorsement, to run six months, for the value of the bonds plus a bonus of \$1,000, the firm to pay the interest as it accrued as they had heretofore done. The young man was quick to see the joker that would save the partners from criminal proceedings, but he was willing to concede the point if Green & Hawke would give him a note with two responsible endorers. That would make the note reasonably safe and practically assure him of his financial rights. It was the only kind of a note that a sensible person would take, since the firm itself was not to be relied upon. As Green & Hawke were known to have lost heavily in the Iron Mountain slump, and the Street believed they had weathered the crisis with difficulty, they could not secure endorers to such a large note. So Hawke explained that the young man would have to be content with the firm's note unsecured. This Hilton declined to accept.

"Then what are you going to do?" said Hawke.

"See a lawyer after the matter," said Hilton, flatly.

Hawke saw he meant business so he shrugged his shoulders.

"Give us a few days, at any rate, to see if we can make a more satisfactory arrangement," he said. "You will not get your money any quicker by pushing us to the wall. In fact, as the case stands, if you expose us, and force us into liquidation, you won't get ten cents on the dollar."

"Perhaps not, but you gentlemen will both go to Sing Sing."

"That might afford you some satisfaction," said Hawke, coolly; "but the pleasure would cost you a high price. I should fancy that a fair compromise would be the most advisable course for you to pursue."

"The compromise you offer robs me of the club I have over you, and does not make an ultimate settlement any more certain," said Hilton.

"I differ with you on the second part of your remark. If you sign this paper I have prepared you will ultimately get all your money back."

"I have only your word for that."

"You have the word of the firm."

"But the firm is no longer stable. If I sign that paper, and you fail to-morrow, I will simply come in with the other creditors, and take my chances of getting anything at all."

"No fear of the firm failing, young man. We used your bonds to prevent that. In six months you will get your money, or the greater part of it."

"If you are so confident you ought to be able to furnish me a guarantee."

"You will have to be satisfied with our word."

"Well, there is no use of us continuing this discussion. I shall seek legal advice and act upon it."

"But I have asked you to hold off for a week. Perhaps we may be able to come to a better understanding."

"I shall see a lawyer at once unless you can show me that you will be able to do something in a week."

"Come in Wednesday and probably I will be able to supply the guarantee you insist on. If I fail you can then consult a lawyer. I don't wish to get into the possession of a third party if I can help it."

"Very well, I will postpone any action until Wednesday," said Hilton, getting up and taking his hat.

A glint of satisfaction flashed from Hawke's eyes.

"Good-morning," said Hilton, taking his leave. The broker watched him go.

"You will not be here Wednesday," said Hawke to himself. "Shabner will attend to your case. You will be lucky if you ever see Wall Street again."

With those words he went on with the business he had in hand. When he had finished it he sat back in his chair and began to think.

"He said Green was not in favor of the firm using his bonds," mused Hawke. "But yielded at my insistence. How could he know that unless somebody who overheard our talk told him? Who could have overheard us? Nobody except that young kid of Carson's we discovered asleep, or playing possum, in the arm-chair. I suspected he knew more than we could get him to admit; now I am sure of it. When Hilton came in his manner impressed me with the conviction that he was not wholly ignorant about what we had done with the bonds. At any rate, he gave himself away, and then tried to cover up the slip. I am satisfied that the kid heard the whole conversation. That makes him a menace to us. I think Shabner will have to attend to his case, too."

When Green came in around noon, Hawke told him that his interview with Hilton had not been satisfactory, but that the young man had consented to hold off for a few days.

"He will sign the paper if we can furnish a guarantee," he said.

"I am afraid it will be impossible for us to do that."

"Well, don't worry. I may get around it. In the meanwhile we have a week to do nothing," said Hawke, who then changed the subject.

He said nothing to his partner about going to see Tucker, nor about his intention to attend

Hilton. He felt that where crooked work was concerned, the less Green knew the better. His partner was too squeamish to be taken into his confidence in any kind of shady work. In the meanwhile Dan Tucker was attending to his business as usual. Several times that day he thought about the interview Hilton had told him he was going to have with Green & Hawke that morning, and he wondered how it came out. He was curious to learn if Hawke had really sold the young man's bonds. He would have to wait for the information until he saw Hilton again. That day his O. & G. stock advanced three points. On the following day it went up two more. That was fine in two days. He was figuring on landing another \$2,000 profit when he overheard two well-known brokers talking about the stock. What they said indicated a speedy drop instead of a further advance. Dan decided that they ought to know what they were talking about, so he hurried to the little bank and ordered his deal closed out at the market. It was a lucky move on his part, for next day the price dropped six points. Dan, however, figured that he had made \$1,000 by taking time by the forelock. He had hardly got his money back in the safe deposit box, where he kept it than he overheard a big copper speculator tell Mr. Carson that a raise in copper was coming in a few days, and he couldn't do better than buy North Dakota at the present market and hold it till it touched 20, with a probability that it would go to 25 or even higher. Dan looked up North Dakota Copper and found it was ruling at \$4, a very low figure for the stock, which usually sold around \$7.

He lost no time in going to the little bank and leaving an order for 1,000 shares, which he bought outright. That afternoon when he left the office enroute for home about four o'clock, he saw an ambulance wagon standing in front of the building. Standing at the doorway talking were brokers Green and Hawke. The latter turned and motioned to a man in cap and undress uniform, at the same time pointing at Little Dan. Quick as a wink the man who posed as the ambulance surgeon seized little Dan Tucker in his arms and lifted him, struggling into the vehicle. The bystanders looked on with astonishment, while the two brokers stood ready to prevent interference. The ambulance immediately drove up Wall Street, with bell clanging, and the driver urging the horse at a good gait.

"What's the trouble with the boy?" a spectator asked Hawke.

"He's crazy. Escaped from the Bellevue inspection ward this morning, and has been running loose ever since," replied the broker, starting for his office, where Green had already gone.

The ambulance rattled up Broadway. As it passed the corner of Vesey street, Mrs. Tucker looked at it and wondered what unfortunate was in it bound for the hospital.

"Sure, it must be a serious case from the hurry they're in," she said.

Ah, if she had known the truth, what a scene she would have raised. Inside the vehicle, stretched out motionless on the board, little Dan lay dead to the world for the time being, for he had been quickly drugged. At Chambers street

the ambulance turned to the right till it reached Park Row, up which narrow thoroughfare it turned for the Gridiron, Shabner's notorious East Side resort.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Break for Freedom.

When Dan came to his senses he found himself in a dark foul-smelling place. He remembered at once what had happened to him, but could not account for the outrage having been pulled off on him. It was a daring piece of rascality, but he could see no sense in it. He guessed some mistake had been made in his identity. He was satisfied that he had not been taken to a hospital, notwithstanding that a real ambulance had been used to abduct him in. He was curious to learn the meaning of it all. He was not bound and was lying on a pile of gunny sacks. Getting up, he started to examine the place he was in. After taking two steps he felt his progress suddenly arrested. He soon ascertained that a stout leather belt encircled his waist to which was attached behind a light but stout chain. The chain was riveted to a piece of iron in the stone wall. That settled the question of his being a prisoner.

Matters looked decidedly serious to the Wall Street boy. Feeling in his pockets he found his matches and struck a light. The glow of the match disclosed to him the size and general character of the place he was in. It was a roomy stone cell, the floor and ceiling of which were of wood. There was absolutely nothing in it but the pile of gunny sacks, a plate of meat sandwiches and a cracked jug of water. The door looked to be of iron, but it wasn't. It was a stout wooden one, covered on both sides with sheet iron. It had a handle, but the inner knob was missing. The place was dirty, for it had not been cleaned out for years, and the smell was by no means pleasant; but Dan was accustomed to many unpleasant tenement-house smells, and did not mind this particular combination of odors as much as a person used to the best sanitary conditions.

The prisoner could either sit or lie down on the bags, or walk around a limited area. As for escape, the chances did not look very bright. How long he had been unconscious Dan could not even guess. All he knew was that he had left the office at ten minutes of four, and that five minutes later he was captured in front of the building. He had been under the influence of the drug six hours, for it was now ten o'clock in the evening. His mother was in a great sweat over his unexplained absence. When she got home she found the place dark, the stove without a glimmer of fire in it, and no indication that her son had been there since he went away that morning. This was something unusual, and Mrs. Tucker didn't know what to make of it. She felt that an explanation was due from Dan, though she did not doubt that it would be satisfactory. The boy was too well broken to harness to do anything that wasn't regular. The conclusion she reached was that he had been sent by his employer on some particular errand after office hours, so she started in to make supper, expecting he would pop in at any moment, but

time passed and he didn't come, and finally she began to worry over him. Her next door neighbor came in for a chat, and soon learned what was troubling her. She remained an hour, and when she went away at ten o'clock Dan was still unaccounted for.

Midnight came without a sign from the boy, and Mrs. Tucker couldn't go to bed. She finally fell asleep in her chair and slept till daylight. The clock pointed at six, and morning was on, but Dan had not come. Mrs. Tucker couldn't stand the suspense any longer, so she started for the police station, where she told her trouble to the man at the desk. He asked her some questions, took her statement down in the book, and promised her the police would look into the matter. So many persons are daily reported as missing, most of whom turn up all right shortly afterward, that the police take little interest in such things until they become serious. Therefore nothing was done about Little Dan. Mrs. Tucker didn't go to her business that morning, and was missed by her customers. At half-past nine she got the clerk of a drugstore to look up the call of Broker Carson and 'phone the office. The answer he got was that Dan Tucker had not turned up at the office that morning, and the cashier would like to know the cause of his absence. That was the last straw with the worried mother. She was sure something had happened to her Dan. The clerk suggested that she telephone or visit Police Headquarters. She decided to go personally, and did.

She was told that an effort would be made to find her son, who might have met with an accident and been taken to some hospital. Her name and address were taken and she was advised to go home and await results. Mrs. Tucker wasn't the only one connected with this story who had similar cause for worry. Clara Hilton was anxiously looking for her brother, who had gone out to see a friend two nights before and had not returned. This was Thursday morning, and no word had come from him. To return to Dan. He passed the long night without seeing a soul. He heard noises and the tramping of feet above his head as long as he remained awake. When he woke in the morning all was silent. He could not tell that it was morning, for not a ray of daylight penetrated his cell, or the cellar, for that matter, where the cell was. He had eaten the sandwiches and drunk the water during the night, because hunger induced him to do so. Along about nine the door of his den was opened and a tough-looking young fellow, with a lamp and a small tray, appeared. The tray held a cup of coffee, not very hot, some buttered bread, and a piece of cheap steak. He put it down on the floor and picked up the jug and the empty plate.

"Say, do you know why I've been brought here?" asked Dan.

"Nope."

"What place is this, anyway?"

"Don't know nothin' about it."

"You mean you won't tell me?"

"I tell yer I don't know nothin'."

"There's some mistake about this matter. No one has any reason for treating me this way. I've been taken for some one else."

"I ain't got nothin' to do wit' it. The boss will attend to yer when he gets ready."

The tough passed out through the door, closed and locked it, and Dan was left alone once more in the dark. He struck a match, looked at the food, and, being hungry, ate it. Nobody came near him again until about five o'clock, when a similar lay-out was fetched by another tough, who also refused to talk to him. By that time Dan was feeling rather desperate. He was still in the dark respecting the reason for his abduction. He thought it about time that some one turned up to enlighten him on the subject. Time passed and no one came. In desperation he tugged at his chain, as a vicious dog might do, to escape from the bond that held him. Suddenly there was a snap and he pitched forward, landing on his hands and knees close to the door. He picked himself up, struck a match and examined the door. He soon realized that escape was not possible in that direction.

As the walls were built of stone, the door was the only outlet, and so freedom appeared to be just as far away as before his chain snapped. Certainly the prospect was disheartening. He sat down on the bags to think it over. An hour passed and then the door was opened and two toughs appeared, one of them holding a candle. When he heard the bolt shooting back, Dan grabbed the cup and held it behind him, at the same time shoving the broken end of the chain between the belt and his packet.

"Come, young feller, stand up," said one of the visitors.

"What for?" asked Dan.

"Never mind. Get up."

Dan rose to his feet.

"Step out as far as the chain will let yer," said the chap, taking a key out of his pocket, the purpose of which was to unlock the belt. "Got the handcuffs ready?" he asked his companion.

"Yep," replied that worthy.

"Hold out your hands," said the first speaker to Dan.

"What are you going to do?" said the boy.

"Never mind. Out with yer hands and hold your wrists together."

Dan was thinking rapidly with his eye cocked on the partly open door. Suddenly he swung his right arm forward and let the cup go within a foot of the last speaker's head. The cup caught him on the corner of his chin, and he went down and out as though hit by a heavy club. Then Dan sprang at the other, the chain slipping from the belt, and struck him as hard as he could on the chin. Down he went, too, and the candle with him. Dan jumped on him and pounded the dazed tough into unconsciousness. He picked up the still burning candle and looked at them. The first chap looked like a dead one, the other temporarily done up. Dan picked a red handkerchief out of the latter's hip pocket and bound his hands behind his back. He took the key from the floor and relieved himself of the belt. Then he walked out of the cell, and closing the door shot the heavy bolt into place, making prisoners of the rascals. Dan saw he was in the cellar of a building, and the next thing was to escape from that, reaching the street, take a note of the

house and go to the nearest police station and report what had happened to him.

CHAPTER IX.—Dan Saves Harry Hilton.

The candle threw out such a poor light that Dan had some difficulty in finding an outlet from the cellar. As a matter of fact, there were half a dozen outlets leading in different directions, made for the convenience of crooks to get away in the event that the gambling rooms above were raided. The house itself fronted on a certain street, and outwardly presented the appearance of an ordinary large saloon on the ground floor, provided with round tables and the usual bar, and upstairs a cheap hotel. A stout door, always locked, at the back of the saloon, afforded the only entrance to the gambling rooms in the rear. Known habitués went to the door, push a secret button and were admitted. A man sat not far from the door and scanned every comer. The moment a person who did not meet his approval approached the door he pushed a button within reach of his arm, and a gong rang inside. That was an alarm signal, and no attention was paid to the party if he found the button and pushed it. In case of a raid the gong rang twice. Instantly all gambling was suspended and the apparatus concealed.

Those who had special reasons for fearing the police made a break for the cellar and got away. The rest remained in their places, drinking, smoking and talking. Then the door was unlocked and the detectives permitted to enter unrestricted. Dan, while looking for an exit, came to a bolted door and opened it to see where it led to. He found a cell similar to the one he had just escaped from. It had an occupant. Flashing the light upon the person, who had started up at his coming, Dan was amazed to recognize Harry Hilton.

"Is this you, Hilton?" he asked.

"What! you, Tucker?" cried the young man, equally astonished, as the light of the candle revealed Dan's identity to him.

"Yes. How did you come here?"

"I was attacked on the street two nights ago as I was returning to the apartment house, forced into a cab and drugged. When I recovered my senses I found myself here. Did you come here hunting for me?"

"No. I was abducted myself right in Wall Street yesterday afternoon and brought here, after having been drugged, too. I have just escaped from the cell, similar to this, I was put in. I will tell you all about it later. Are you bound to the wall with a belt and chain?"

"Come closer and you will see that I am. It is impossible for you to save me, so you must hurry to the police and bring them to my rescue."

"Wait till I see if the key I have will release you."

Dan tried it on Hilton's belt, found it fitted the small lock, and set the young man free.

"Good! Now to reach the street and escape," said Hilton.

When he and Dan left the cell, the boy bolted the door as before. They presently found the

stairs leading to the floor above. Ascending them they came to a door which Dan cautiously opened a little. The room beyond held a score of young crooks and toughs, drinking, smoking and gambling. Most of them were seated at tables, playing cards, but near the door Dan peered through were two who were using an imported bagatelle table. As there was no escape in that direction, Dan shut the door. They went to the end of the passage, and Dan tried a door there. It led into the house fronting on the next street. But first they had to pass through a dimly lighted covered way, which crossed the yard. They came to a door. This was secured by three bolts and a chain. Dan let down the chain and drew the bolts. Then the door opened and they passed through into a carpeted passage which was well lighted. Several doors opened off this passage. All but one had dark fanlights; that one was lighted up, and they heard voices inside. Dan had a curiosity to peek through the keyhole. He saw a well-furnished small room, with a table at which two well-dressed men were seated drinking and smoking. One of them the boys recognized as Broker Hawke, the other he did not know, but we will introduce him as Moe Shabner. In an instant it occurred to Dan that he and Hilton owed their abduction to Hawke.

"Look through the keyhole and you will see a man you know," he whispered to his companion.

Hilton looked and was somewhat staggered when he saw the broker. He put his ear to the keyhole and listened a few minutes. He heard enough to convince him that Hawke was at the bottom of his trouble and Dan's as well. Hawke was arranging with Shabner to have him and Dan shanghaied aboard some vessel bound for a foreign port. His purpose was to revenge himself on the boy, whom he was convinced had warned Hilton, and to get Hilton himself out of the way, for his plan embraced the disappearance of both at sea in some apparently accidental manner, for which accommodation he was willing to pay well. Hilton would have liked to have heard more, but time was precious, and he and Dan were eager to effect their escape, which might be frustrated at any moment by the appearance of employees of the house on the scene. They reached the street door at last, but were suddenly confronted by the man in charge of the door.

"Who are you?" he asked, not recognizing them. "Where did you come from?"

"From the other building. We were told to go out this way," said Dan.

"Who told you?"

That was a sticker for the escaping pair, and the man, being far from satisfied, reached for a push-button. Before he could touch it Dan struck him in the face and knocked him aside. Hilton pitched in, and they soon had the fellow pinned and his hands bound. Then Dan unlocked the chain, unlocked the door, and they stepped out on a low stoop, three steps higher. Several tough-looking men in the immediate vicinity saw them come out, but as they wisely took things easy, they excited no particular suspicion. They walked to the nearest corner, and turned up the street, the name of which was on the map-post, and Dan saw they were not far from East Four-

teenth street. In a few minutes they came out on Fifth avenue. Dan knew there was a police station below Seventh street, so they turned down that way. After walking a few blocks they saw the green light over the entrance, and went in. They told their stories to the man at the desk. The captain happened to be in his room, and they were sent in to him. That afternoon word had come there from Headquarters to keep a watch out for one Harry Hilton, reported missing, whose description was furnished. The captain called up a squad of detectives and sent them to the building from which Dan and Hilton had finally escaped, with orders to arrest Hawke and the man he was with. Dan and his companion were temporarily detained, but the latter was allowed to go to a nearby drugstore to telephone his sister. The officers did not find the door open as Dan and Hilton left it, and no attention was paid to their demands for admittance until the cops started to break in, then the door was opened and they got in, but by that time their birds had flown, and the expedition amounted to nothing. Later, however, Hawke was arrested at his bachelor apartments, and spent the night in a cell. Dan got home around midnight and found his mother in great distress over his disappearance. She welcomed him as one almost back from the dead.

"For the love of hiven where have yez been, Danny? Sure, it's meself that has been worried to death over ye. I know somethin' happened to yez, for whin I telyphoned yer office not a soul there knew wan thing about ye. Now tell yer mother all about it, for it's dyin' wid curiosity I am to know the mystery of it," said Mrs. Tucker.

"Well, to begin with, I was abducted from Wall Street yesterday afternoon in broad daylight, when I left the office for home at four o'clock in the afternoon," began Dan.

"Abdoccted, is it? For hivin's sake, is that a fact?"

"Yes. I was carried off in an ambulance."

"An ambulance! I saw one driven up Broadway like mad yesterday afternoon about four, and I wondered who had met wid an accident. Were yez in that?"

"I don't know, mother. I have no idea what direction the vehicle went in, for I was held down and drugged with some kind of a preparation in a handkerchief which had the smell of over-ripe fruit. When I came to my senses I found myself in a small stone cell, fastened to one of the walls by a belt around my waist and a small iron chain."

"Mrs. Tucker held up her hands.

"Why were yez carried off and put in that place? Was it some frinds of Cris Bocker that made it to make yez let up on him?"

"No, mother, some other motive was at the back of the business."

"What other motive, faith?"

"There will be shown up in court if the police catch the men."

"Well, go on wid yer story."

Dan told his mother all about his experience, and how he had rescued Harry Hilton from a similar predicament.

"Hilton and his sister were the people I called on last Sunday evening uptown," explained Dan.

"And how came he to be in trouble, too?"

"It's something of a story. You see he's worth \$100,000 or more."

"A hundred thousand! It's wealthy he is."

"Part of that money is coming to his sister when she becomes of age. It was left to them by their father, who made it speculating in Wall Street stocks. It was invested in gilt-edge bonds, that were deposited with the brokerage firm of Green & Hawke, to hold and collect the semi-annual interest on till Hilton became of age, which he did on Monday."

Dan then went on to tell his mother how Green & Hawke, being caught in a sudden slump of Iron Mountain stock, in which they were heavily interested, used Hilton's bonds to save themselves from failing.

"They had no right to take his property and sell it without his permission," said Dan.

"I should think not," responded his mother. "What did he do about it?"

"He made a row and threatened to prosecute them if they did not make a satisfactory settlement. To prevent him from carrying out his purpose Hawke had him abducted and hid down in that cell, intending to have him sent to sea and done away with."

"What a villain that Hawke must be!"

"Now, mother, I'll tell you why I was abducted too. Hawke meant to send me to sea with Hilton, and had he succeeded you might never have learned what became of me."

"Wurra, wurra! Is that so? What did yez do to Hawke that made him think of tratin' yez that way?"

Dan told her about what he heard in Green & Hawke's office the day our story opens.

"And ye niver told me about that before," said his mother.

"I thought it best to keep it to myself. Hawke must have suspected me in spite of the bluff I put up. or else Hilton let out something at his interview with Hawke which put that gentleman wise. At any rate, he considered me dangerous to the interests of the firm, and included me in his scheme to hush up their piece of rascality. Now you have the whole story, and I guess we'd better go to bed, for it's after one o'clock."

"And have yez had that Hawke arristed?" asked his mother.

"The police are after him. They failed to get him at the house Hilton and I escaped from, but they'll get him at his apartments, if he goes there."

"I hope ye two will put him through."

"I won't be able to prove anything against him, nor do I think Hilton can show that he caused him to be abducted; but Hilton has the whip hand over him and his partner just the same on account of their unwarranted appropriation of the bonds. He can send them both to Sing Sing on that count."

"And will he get his money back?"

"I couldn't tell you, mother. That's a matter for the law to settle. Now let's turn in," and they did.

CHAPTER X.—Green & Hawke Make A Settlement.

Dan appeared on time at the office next morning and told the cashier, when he came in, that he would explain the reason of his absence, which was unavoidable and due to a cause over which he had no control, to Mr. Carson when that gentleman appeared. As Dan stood high in the office, the cashier let it go at that. The morning papers had noticed the arrest of Howard Hawke, a stock-broker, of the firm of Green & Hawke, on the alleged charge of abduction, the facts whereof had not been given to the press. Mr. Hawke, not being able to reach his lawyer, or his partner, had been obliged to remain all night in a cell, and would be brought up that morning in the Tombs Police Court for a preliminary hearing. When Broker Carson reached the office, Dan went in to see him. He told the facts concerning his abduction in the ambulance, and concerning his stay in the stone cell in the building on — street, which the captain of the police station had told him was a notorious resort for crooks.

Mr. Carson expressed his surprise at the happening, and asked Dan if he had any idea why he had been carried off. Dan told him the full story of what he had overheard that day he was sent with a rush message to the office of Green & Hawke, and had not turned up for a matter of two hours. He said the facts were borne out by a subsequent interview he had had with Harry Hilton at his apartments, where he called at the request of the young man's sister, whose life he had saved from a cab at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-third street, the days previous. Mr. Carson was still more surprised on learning this alleged crookedness on the part of Green & Hawke. He was inclined to believe that it was true, for he never questioned Dan's veracity, and the after facts appeared to bear him out.

"You believe that Hawke abducted both Hilton and yourself, and intended to send you off to sea?"

"I saw Hawke and another man talking in a little room off the hall in the house we escaped through, but I did not hear what they said. Hilton looked through the keyhole after me, put his ear to it and afterward told me that Hawke was planning to send us both to sea and have us done away with by accident," said Dan.

"I can hardly credit such a piece of rascality on his part," said the broker; "but it must be true if young Hilton heard the statement from his lips. On that assumption Hawke, of course, was behind the abduction of both of you. The question is how are you going to prove it? As long as you did not hear what Hilton says he did, his testimony will lack corroboration, and will hardly amount to anything in court. He has been arrested on the charge of abduction, I see. He is bound to be discharged unless the police can connect him with the case. Hilton should have charged him with unlawful appropriation of his bonds, and have included Green in the charge. This I presume he will do as soon as he has consulted with a lawyer. If Green &

Hawke have actually sold those bonds, and can't show authority for the act, they will be held easily enough, and doubtless convicted if brought to trial. The trouble will be then for Hilton to recover the value of his property. It seems to me that a compromise had better be effected by the young man."

"That's what he is after, but the proposal offered by Hawke was not satisfactory to him. If the firm will furnish a guarantee, Hilton will not prosecute. He's not going to push the abduction charge. The police made that on the strength of our stories. He is going to see a lawyer this morning and open negotiations, toward a satisfactory agreement about the value of the bonds."

"That's a good idea. You are not going to court yourself, then?"

"No. We can't make a case against Hawke, so what's the use?"

Mr. Carson nodded and Dan left the room. Green was at the court with a lawyer when his partner was called to the bar, but as neither Hilton nor Dan was present to prosecute, he was discharged from custody and he and Green returned to their office. When his business associates asked him about his arrest, and wanted to know who he had abducted, if it was a single young lady or a married woman, he treated the matter as a joke, and assured them there was nothing in it. During the afternoon Hilton and a prominent lawyer called on Green & Hawke. Hawke received them, but at the lawyer's request Green was sent for. When Green arrived the lawyer stated the facts of the case as he understood them, and asked that the bonds be produced. The brokers confessed that they could not produce them.

"Am I to understand that you have made use of them for your own benefit, without my client's sanction?" said the lawyer.

The firm reluctantly admitted they had, and explained the reason.

"The reason has no bearing on the case at all. You have sold the bonds without authorization, which of itself makes you legally responsible for the value of the bonds at their highest market value. By using the money which did not belong to you you have individually laid yourselves liable to criminal proceedings. My client is willing to waive that question if you will furnish satisfactory assurance that you will repay him the full sum with interest within a reasonable time. His proposition is \$10,000 in cash at once; \$15,000 in three months, and the balance, to run a year, if necessary, on a secured note, at six per cent. interest."

"The alternative is prosecution, I suppose?" said Hawke. "In which case your client can expect to receive little else than satisfaction."

"I should like to have your answer," said the lawyer.

"You will permit my partner and myself to talk it over for a few minutes in his room?" said Hawke.

"Certainly."

The two brokers adjourned to the other room to consider the situation. In ten minutes they returned.

"We agree to the proposition, with this exception; it will be impossible for us just now to

furnish a secured note for \$75,000," said Hawke.

"An unsecured note is of no value in your present financial condition," replied the lawyer.

"True, it is not worth much, but we honestly expect to make good."

"Your reliability is subject to suspicion in the light of the rascally acts alleged to have been committed by you against my client and an office boy named Dan Tucker. I refer to their abduction and detection in the cellar of the Gridiron."

"We deny any complicity in that affair," said Hawke, coolly.

"I know you are guilty, Mr. Hawke," burst out Hilton, "for I overheard a part of your talk with another man in the house at the rear of the Gridiron last night."

"If you can prove your statement, why didn't you press the charge in court this morning?"

"Unfortunately I can't prove it, but it is a fact, nevertheless."

"There is no use of discussing the matter," interposed the lawyer. "We are not dealing with the matter as a fact, but as an inference. It is possible that if a detective were put on the case he might develop evidence. We did not call about that business, but about the matter of the bonds in which you can offer no defence that I can see if brought to book. My client's claim must be secured in some reasonable way. That's both business and common sense."

"If we are allowed to go on, without any suspicion of unfair business methods being attached to the firm, I venture to say that inside of six months we will be able to pay half the money, and furnish an endorsed note for the balance. At present we are under a cloud because the Street is aware that we have lost heavily on Iron Mountain, and we could not find any one who would run the risk of endorsing a note of ours for any large sum," said Hawke.

"Mr. Green, I believe you own your home on Seventy-second street?" said the lawyer.

"Yes."

"As far as I have been able to find out on short notice it is unincumbered. It is worth, I should judge, \$50,000 or \$60,000. If you will individually transfer that property to my client, for the note of \$75,000, and the firm will fulfill the other terms of our proposition, we will consent to a settlement on that basis."

"I agree," said Green, before his partner could speak.

"Very well. I have the paper with me already prepared for your signature. Call in your cashier and sign it in his presence as a witness."

The lawyer had clearly prepared himself to meet all emergencies. He gave the brokers no time to recede, if they wished to afterwards. The paper was signed and witnessed by the cashier, and also by Hawke. The note for \$75,000 had also been prepared in advance, and Green signed it in the firm name. A second note for \$15,000, payable in ninety days, was also signed by Green. A check for \$10,000, sent out for certification, was then handed to the lawyer. That settled the proceedings, and Hilton and his lawyer took their leave. A quarter of four that afternoon Hilton called on Dan, who was waiting for him according to arrangement.

"I have effected a settlement with Green & Hawke," said Hilton, "and I guess there will be no further trouble."

"That's fine," said Dan. "I was afraid you would have to prosecute them. In that case you would have stood the chance of losing nearly all your money."

"I have received \$10,000 in cash; an unsecured three months' note for \$15,000 and a note running twelve months for the balance, secured by property estimated to be worth between fifty and sixty thousand. I have done better than I expected."

"I congratulate you," said Dan, "and I think Green & Hawke got off easy."

"Green is all right, but I didn't trust Hawke for a cent. His scoundrelly attempt to do us both up deserves punishment, but he is likely to escape. However, I have hired the Pinkerton Agency to find out, if possible, evidence against him. I think it advisable to have a club over him in case of a possible emergency."

"That's a good idea," nodded Dan.

"Now, Tucker, I haven't expressed the gratitude I feel towards you for saving me from the scheme of that rascal, but I do so now. My sister knows what you did for me, and she is as grateful to you as I am. I shan't forget the service. Some day I hope to do you a favor that will partially cancel the obligation."

"You are welcome to all I did. I only discovered your presence in that cellar by accident, and then it became my duty to save you. All I ask in return is the friendship of yourself and your sister."

"It is yours, my dear fellow. Come up and see us as soon as you can. When shall we expect you?"

"How will next Sunday evening do?"

"First rate. I will tell my sister that she may look for you then."

By that time they had reached City Hall Park, and there they parted, Hilton going over to Broadway for a car, and Dan going on up Park Row, his usual route.

Nothing happened in Dakota Copper till Saturday, when the stock rose a point under heavy buying. On Sunday Dan called on the Hiltons and received a hearty welcome. During the ensuing week Dakota Copper kept on advancing every day till Saturday came and it had reached \$8. Dan called again on the Hiltons Sunday and on Monday the Dakota stock reached \$20, and Dan sold out, realizing somewhere near \$17,000.

CHAPTER XI.—The Angry Broker.

Next morning copper began to wobble, as the whole list had gone so high as to become top-heavy, and the small speculators took alarm, and to a man almost began loading up their brokers with selling orders. Such a unanimity of action was bound to have a bad effect on the copper part of the market. When everybody almost is selling, buyers, naturally, are scarce. The supply far overreaching the demand, the price began to sag. Big holders took the cue and, after a vain attempt to stem the tide, threw out their

holdings. The price dropped like a ball bouncing downstairs. By noon a small panic was in progress, and the copper boom was completely routed.

Dan soon found out what was transpiring on the Curb, and he shook hands with himself over his luck in getting out in time. When he called on the Hiltons the following Sunday evening, he told them, in confidence, of his run of luck in the stock market. Both Clara and her brother were astonished. Harry was particularly so, because he had a pretty fair idea of the risks of Wall Street speculation. He knew that the chance against the average speculator were about ten to one, and the fact that Dan had made \$20,000 in three consecutive deals looked to him like pig luck, and we won't say but what it was, since such things haven't happened very often to small speculators during the palmiest days of Wall Street.

The fact that Dan was worth a lot of money for a boy, and that he had made it himself, raised him considerably in the opinion of his new friends. Not but they thought a whole lot of him before, but success and a little money is bound to enhance one's importance in the eyes of others. Dan passed an unusually pleasant evening, and promised to be on hand the following Sunday again. During the following week a boom started in a railroad stock known as A. & B. It was rumored that a syndicate was behind it, but who the members of the syndicate were no one on the outside seemed to know, though all kinds of guesses were made. Dan heard his boss tell one of his customers that he couldn't do better than get in on it, and hold on for a ten point raise. That was enough encouragement for the boy to buy 1,000 shares on margin at the little bank at the market figure of 75. Next day A. & B. touched 76. On Saturday morning it opened at 79, then an unexpected bear-raid was developed, and the price was driven down to 74, at which point it closed at noon. That left Dan \$1,000 behind on his deal, but he did not worry about that, for he was sure the stock would go up again on the following week. When he called on the Hiltons Sunday he told them about his new deal and why he had gone into it.

"It's a point lower than I bought it at, but it will recover in a day or two. If you want to make a stake, Mr. Hilton, I advise you to buy a couple of hundred shares on margin before it starts upward again," he said.

"I might do that," said Hilton, reflectively. "Anything you are mixed up in ought to come out ahead. I believe in following a lucky person's lead."

He thought it over during the night and next morning he appeared at the little bank and bought 250 shares of A. & B. This was his first experience in Wall Street speculation. Heretofore he had held aloof from the big game of chance, notwithstanding the fact that his father had been very successful at it. But then his father had learned all the ins and outs of the game, and had probably been lucky in selecting his deals. He himself knew very little about Wall Street, from a business standpoint, and had very sensibly kept out of the whirlpool. But if a boy like Dan could pull out a bunch of money

with refreshing regularity and had a tip on A. & B. indicating it as a prospective winner, he thought he could afford to take a chance. At any rate, if he lost the greater part of his money he could stand it.

Harry Hilton got in at 74, and on Wednesday the stock was down to 70. That didn't look encouraging, and he dropped it to see Dan to learn how he was taking the drop. Dan presented his customary cheerful front.

"I'm out \$5,000 up to this point," he said, "but I'm not worrying. If it should go below my margin of safety, I can put up another \$10,000 to secure myself."

"And if it should go below that?" said Hilton.

"That would be a drop of 20 points, and I am not looking for such a thing to happen."

Harry Hilton went home feeling somewhat encouraged. The price went down to 67 and then began to climb back. A week later A. & B. was sailing along at 77. In another week it hit 85, and Dan promptly sold. It might go higher—in fact, all signs pointed that way—but he was satisfied to let well enough rule his course of action. At any rate, he was \$10,000 ahead. Hilton sold out, too, at an advance of ten points, on Dan's advice, and made \$2,500. He was confirmed in his opinion that it was pretty safe to follow the lead of a lucky person, be he man or boy. Though he had got his tip through Mr. Carson's suggestion to a customer, Dan had never thought about his boss being interested in the stock from a speculative point of view. The broker was heavily interested in A. & B., but he held on almost too long. The insider who had given him the tip, learning he was holding out for a higher figure, told him to get out at once, as the price was likely to drop any moment. That was the day after Dan had closed out his holdings.

Carson started to do it. Before he got far, the price began to sag, and he unloaded what he had in blocks of 5,000. He got rid of it at decreasing figures, the final lot upsetting the market and precipitating a rapid slump. The result of this was that, while he saved himself, he put several other brokers in a bad hole. One of them lost his head over his losses and later rushed into Carson's office to call him to account for dumping all his holdings on the market in rapid succession. A clerk admitted him to the private room. Dan was in there himself going over the letter-file cabinet to find a letter that his boss wanted. The broker, whose name was Sexton, opened on Carson at once.

"Look here, Carson, why did you throw all your stock on the market when it was wobbling? Don't you know better than to do that?"

"What do you care, Sexton?" replied Carson.

"What do I care? The slump you brought about has cost me \$100,000. Do you understand that?" cried Sexton, excitedly.

"I am sorry if it has, but you know that everybody has to look out for himself. Why didn't you dump your own stock in time to pull out a winner?"

"Because I don't believe in starting a panic and ruining a bunch of speculators."

"If I recollect right, six months ago, when the Southern Railway boom was beginning to

look shady, you threw all your holdings on the market and started the slump that ensued," replied Carson. "You made money, but a lot of others got very badly caught. Now you rave at me because I imitated your example."

"I deny that I did anything of the kind," said Sexton, hotly.

"I won't argue the matter. Neither have I any time now to defend my action in the board-room to-day. If you have lost a pot of money you have my sympathy."

"I don't want your sympathy," roared Sexton, hot under the collar.

"What do you want then?"

"I want you to make good half my losses."

"For pure unadulterated nerve I think you take the cake, Sexton."

"You refuse to do it?"

"Certainly I refuse. Do you take me for a fool?"

"I will show you up before the Exchange."

"Well, if that will make you feel any better go on and do it. I guess I can stand it."

The cool way that Carson took him infuriated Sexton. He glared like a madman at the gentleman whom he blamed for his losses, and brought his fist down on the top of the desk with a force that made everything on it dance.

"Here, hold on, Sexton, don't be so demonstrative, please."

But Sexton had lost control of himself. He picked up a heavy bronze figure that stood on the desk within his reach, and would have thrown it at Carson's head, with possibly fatal results, but for Dan, who had come forward with the letter. The boy seized Sexton's arm by the wrist at the critical moment, and thus saved his boss, who was unprepared for such an assault on the part of his visitor. With a howl of rage, Sexton turned on Dan and bore him to the floor. He was a powerful man, and Dan found himself like a child in his grasp. Carson pushed his electric button several times and then jumped to the boy's aid. Sexton's rage seemed to increase his strength, and with one arm he threw the broker off. Then he raised his heavy fist to smash Dan in the face. Carson caught the descending arm, and tried again to master the man. He found that impossible, but succeeded in drawing Sexton's attention once more to himself. The two men grappled, with the advantage in Sexton's favor. Dan wriggled free and hit Sexton behind his ear. The blow produced not the slightest effect on the man. Then Dan grabbed a heavy book and brought it down on his head. Sexton fell back dazed just as one of the clerks entered the room in answer to Carson's signal.

CHAPTER XII.—Dan's Smart Move.

"Take this man outside and revive him," said Carson to the clerk. "Dan will help you. If he starts any more rough-house threaten to call an officer."

Dan and the clerk had something of a job getting Sexton to the washroom in the corridor, for he was a heavyweight and quite helpless.

"What happened to him?" asked the clerk.

"I knocked him over with a book," replied Dan.

"You did? What for?"

"Oh, he attacked Mr. Carson."

"What did he do that for?"

"Say, Jenkins, you're as bad as a little kid at asking questions. He was mad because he was mad."

"But he had some reason for being mad," said Jenkins, throwing some water in Sexton's face.

"Ask him and maybe he'll tell you."

Sexton came around quickly and wanted to know what had happened to him.

"You had a fit," replied Dan. "A rush of blood to the head. You had better get back to your office right away and take a rest. I'll go with you if you want me to."

Then Sexton began to remember what had happened.

"You are a little liar!" he said, angrily. "I didn't have a fit. I am not subject to such things. You hit me with something. I'll have you arrested for assault."

"You ought to thank me for saving you from committing a murder," said Dan.

"What do you mean?"

"You were going to throw a heavy metallic statuette at Mr. Carson when he was off his guard. You couldn't have missed him at such short range, so the consequences would have been serious for both of you if I hadn't stopped you. Then you jumped on me, and when Mr. Carson came to my aid you tackled him in such a furious way that I had to do something to stop you, so I tapped you over the head with a book. There, you're all right now. I'll get your hat for you."

Dan returned to the private room, got Sexton's hat and returned it to him. The broker was cool enough now to realize that he had made a fool of himself. Without a word he took his hat and walked off. Sexton wasn't the only trader who resented Carson's action at the Exchange. They waited till they met Carson on the floor of the board-room next day, and then they told him what they thought of him. In the meanwhile A. & B. recovered somewhat, so that Sexton and the others managed to extricate themselves at a considerable less loss than they had first figured on, so the affair wore off without further trouble.

One day Dan was sent over to Jersey with a message to a broker there. On his way back he struck a train boat which was on the point of leaving the slip for Cortlandt street. There was a big crowd of passengers aboard, and a pile of vehicles, several of them automobiles. As the boat left Dan started forward, but instead of going through the men's cabin, he pushed through the space crowded with the vehicles. There were two gentlemen talking in one of the autos, and when Dan got that far he found his progress barred, and he looked around to see how he would get on. At that moment the conversation of the men reached his ears and something they said interested him, so he listened. They appeared to be big Wall Street operators who were interested in securing control of a certain independent street railway which the traction trust was also after, with the view of unloading on the trust at a good profit. They had already captured almost enough of the stock

to spell success. They only needed 310 shares, and they had not been able to find it.

One of their agents, however, had notified them that afternoon over the long distance 'phone that a widow named Brown, who lived at No. 119 Blank street, in the Bronx, had just that number of shares and would sell them at par. The operators intended visiting her that evening and buying the stock. They were now on their way to get the cash, for it was too late to get a check certified at the bank. Dan learned that they had been obliged to pay something more than par for the other shares they held, although the stock was quoted at 97, and they were highly pleased over the fact that the widow had stated her willingness to sell at par. By the time Dan had heard the whole conversation the boat was running into her slip on the New York side of the river, and he judged that he had better back out the way he came, than attempt to find an opening among the vehicles that were soon to get into motion, and might make things embarrassing for him.

Dan hurried back to the office with his reply. On the way he thought over what he had heard. He was a boy of quick wit and decision. It struck him that it would be a great thing if he could play a march on the two operators by visiting the Widow Brown ahead of them and buying the stock. He had just enough money in his safe deposit box to buy the 310 shares of stock at par. He decided to take a chance at it. The safe deposit vaults closed at four and he had ten minutes to get there after leaving the office. He easily made it, and shortly afterward was on a Third avenue elevated train enroute for the Bronx. It was half-past five when he rang the bell at 119 Blank street.

"Is Mrs. Brown at home?" Dan asked the servant who answered his ring.

"Yes. What name shall I say?"

"I'm a stranger to her. Tell her I'm from Wall Street. My name is Tucker."

He was invited into a small parlor, and afterward taken upstairs to a sitting-room where the lady received her friends. Mrs. Brown was a pleasant-faced elderly widow and she received Dan with a smile, which was habitual with her.

"I have called with respect to some street car stock which you have agreed to sell at par, though its market value is a little lower."

"Yes, I am willing to dispose of it for \$31,000. There are 310 shares in my possession. I suppose you have been sent by the gentlemen I heard were after it. I expected a call from them this evening and had the stock brought from my safe deposit box in the Bronx Bank," said the widow.

"Then we can settle the business in a few minutes. I have brought the money in cash, which suits you even better than a certified check."

"Yes, I think I would rather have the money, though a certified check is all right, of course."

Dan pulled out his roll of large bills and the lady went into another room to get the certificates of stock. When she returned with them Dan handed her the money and told her to count it. She did and declared the amount was all right.

"Now kindly give me a paper stating that you

have sold the stock to Dan Tucker for the sum of \$31,000, the receipt whereof is herewith acknowledged."

The lady made out the paper and handed it to the boy.

CHAPTER XIII.—Conclusion.

About eleven o'clock next morning, while Dan was out on an errand, two finely dressed gentlemen called at the office and asked for Dan Tucker.

"He's out at present," replied the cashier, to whom they had addressed their inquiry. "I expect him in shortly."

"We will wait," said one of the visitors. "Perhaps we can go into his private office?"

"Why, he's our office boy."

"Your office boy!" cried the one who had done the talking.

"Yes, sir. How came you to suppose he was a man and had a private room here?"

"Is Mr. Carson in?"

"I believe he is. Do you wish to see him?"

"If you please."

"Let me have your names and I will send them in."

"My name is Hatfield. This gentleman is Mr. Long."

A clerk took their names in to the broker who recognized the names as belonging to two big operators whom he was not acquainted with.

"Show them in," he said.

"May I ask if you bought 310 shares of the Dyke Street Railway last evening of Mrs. George Brown, through your office boy, Dan Tucker?" asked Hatfield.

"Not that I'm aware of, sir," replied the broker.

"Well, it's very singular, but the young man who bought the stock of the widow left that card with her, saying that his name was on the back of it."

"That is certainly my business card, and that is the name of my office boy on the back. He is out on an errand, but if you will wait a few minutes until he gets back I will have him in here and you can speak to him. I think there must be some mistake, for it is hardly likely that my boy had any connection with the purchase of that stock. I didn't send him to buy it, and I am not aware that he is acting for any one else after his regular office hours."

Inside of ten minutes Dan came into the room and handed his employer a note he had brought back. Mr. Carson read it and then said to the boy:

"Dan, do you know anything about this card? It has your name on the back."

"Yes, sir. I left that with a lady named Mrs. George Brown, who lives at No. 119 Blank street, in the Bronx, late yesterday afternoon," replied Dan.

"Did you make a purchase of her of 310 shares of the Dyke Street Railway stock yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you tell me whom you acted for?"

"Yes, sir. Myself."

"You amaze me. Why, 310 shares at par rep-

resents \$31,000. Who gave you the money to pay for it, for the transaction appears to have been a cash one?"

"No one. That was my money."

"I thought you were a poor boy, and that your mother sold——"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it isn't necessary to bring my mother into this. I have been a poor boy until within the past year. How I acquired the \$31,000 I will tell you later. I didn't steal it. I bought that stock for speculative purposes."

"You say you bought that stock for speculative purposes?" said the gentleman who did the talking.

"Yes, sir."

"What are you asking for the stock this morning?"

"I am not naming a price. I am going to see what the United Traction Co. will pay for it. I understand that company is looking for some of the stock to complete its control of the road. I think those shares of mine will just fill the bill. That company should be willing to pay more than any one else."

"We will pay you \$105 for your stock. That is eight points above the market."

"I expect to get more than that."

"We will give you \$110. That will give you \$3,100 profit on your transaction."

"No, sir. I expect to get at least \$200 a share for that stock."

"You are crazy, young man."

"I think not. The stock itself is easily worth \$97 a share in the ordinary way. When it appears that the small amount I own represents the key to the control of the road I think it is worth twice as much for that reason. It is my opinion that you represent the syndicate which is buying up the stock to beat the Traction people out. If you are I won't accept an offer from you under \$200 for the stock."

Mr. Carson listened to his office boy in astonishment. He knew something about the rivalry between the Traction trust and a syndicate of capitalists to secure the control of the street railway. To discover that Dan held the key to the situation quite took his breath. It was clear to him that the visitors represented the syndicate.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am as much astonished as yourselves to learn that this boy, whom I regard as the smartest messenger in Wall Street, really owns stock that will give either the Traction people or the opposition syndicate the control of the street car line. Under such circumstances I think he is justified in selling it to the highest bidder. As his employer I should advise him to do nothing until he has heard from the Traction Trust."

"We will make a bid of \$200 for the stock," said Hatfield. "If any one bids higher we should like the chance of meeting it."

"Leave you railroad, and I will see you are notified," said Carson.

With that assurance the gentlemen went away. As there were several gentlemen waiting to see the broker he had to defer further talk with

Dan for the present. In the meanwhile Dan called up the office of the Traction Trust. He told the party who answered him that Carson, broker, had 310 shares of the Dyke Street Railway for sale to the highest bidder making an offer of over \$200. If the Traction people wanted the stock they could submit a bid; if they did not the stock would be sold to the syndicate. Dan was told to hold the wire. In a few minutes he was told that a representative would call and make an offer. Before he arrived Dan told Mr. Carson to sell the shares for him at the best price he could get. Carson said he would, and the upshot of the matter was that the two rivals bid against each other so hotly that Dan in the end received \$250 a share for the stock from one of them, and so cleared \$46,500 on his clever deal. Broker Carson was not a little dumfounded when Dan confessed to him how he had come by his \$31,000.

"I don't approve of your actions, of course, but I'm bound to say that you are cleverer than I supposed. This final deal of yours is as smart a piece of business as any man in Wall Street could pull off. You are worth now nearly \$78,000. That ought to satisfy your present financial ambitions. Let me put the money into first-class securities for you that will pay you about five per cent. on your investment. The interest will amount to nearly \$4,000 a year, which you can put into more bonds when you get it. In this way by the time you are of age you should be worth nearly \$100,000—as much as your friend Henry Hilton and his sister are now worth. What do you say?"

Dan felt bound to agree, for now that his boss knew about his speculative tendencies, he did not see that he could continue them. If he quit work and devoted his attention wholly to speculation, his luck might desert him, in which case he might lose all he had gained. So Mr. Carson bought bonds with his office boy's money, and agreed to collect the interest for him without charge. Dan then told his mother about his luck and she nearly had a fit over it. She agreed, after an interview with Carson on whom she called to assure herself that her Dan had told her no "ghost story," to let the bonds remain with the broker until Dan came of age, or circumstances necessitated a change. About this time Cris Bocker was tried for his murderous assault on Dan in his cobbler shop, and was convicted on the evidence of half a dozen witnesses. He got ten years at Sing Sing, and long before he got out his wife and step-daughter were provided with means by Dan to go to San Francisco on the quiet.

Dan kept up his intimacy with the Hiltons, who got their money from Green & Hawke in accordance with the terms of the agreement, and when he reached twenty-one he and Harry went into business on the Curb, and did well. Shortly afterward Dan and Clara Hilton were married, and the most conspicuous at their wedding was Mrs. Dan Tucker, attired in gorgeous raiment.

Next week's issue will contain "FIGHTING FOR BUSINESS; or, BEATING A BAD START."

CURRENT NEWS

GETS \$1,000 TO REPAY \$51 LOAN

Eward Congdon, Erie train despatcher, has received a draft for \$1,000 in payment of a loan of \$51 in 1912. Congdon and Jake Griffin of Omaha had been friends in Japan. They met later in San Francisco, where Griffin was broke. Congdon bought him a ticket to Omaha and gave him money besides, Griffin promised to repay. Congdon got a letter from an Omaha lawyer saying \$1,000 had been deposited to his credit by Griffin.

HALTS FUNERAL TO MARRY

A funeral procession, wending its way north on Charles street, Wellsburg, W. Va., was halted while the Rev. A. T. Shaw, pastor of the First Christian Church, performed a marriage ceremony at the parsonage.

Mr. Shaw conducted funeral services at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clemons, then asked the undertaker to take the Charles street route to the cemetery. When the procession passed the parsonage the pastor was engaged in tying the nuptial knot.

A REMARKABLE ISLAND

The island of Patmos, historic and of world-wide fame, is noted for its churches, as well as for the fact that St. John wrote the book of Revelation there.

Patmos is in the Aegean Sea, off the coast of Anatolia, so often spoken of in connection with the terrible disasters of the Near East. From north to south it is about ten miles and contains about fifteen square miles of infertile, rocky soil. A monastery in memory of St. John was built on the island at the close of the Eleventh Century, which contained a valuable collection of ecclesiastical manuscripts.

In 1912 Italy seized Patmos. The population is about 4,000, and there are only 700 houses on the island, while the ruins of churches number 300. Since the earliest days pilgrims have flocked there, as they are doing yet. In the old days, if a rich man wanted to expiate his sins, he built a church, until it became the fashion to do so, hence the number of ruins. The Greeks who live on the island are sponge fishers, but at one time there was quite a trade from the manufacture of stockings.

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By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"I was frightened, of course, and asked her what the trouble was, but she didn't seem to hear me. She flew up the stairs and came running down in a moment, putting on her furs as she descended, and out of the door she went without another word."

Mr. Crossman had listened eagerly to all this, and was now trembling in a violent manner. Harry could see that the merchant was a very excitable man, and not the kind of person to cope with a matter like this, and he took charge of it in his accustomed cool style.

"Did you know the boy who brought the note, Margaret?" he asked.

"No, I never saw him before."

"And what became the note?"

"I don't know."

"Can't you recall if Miss Christine dropped it before she ran up the stairs to get her wraps?"

"I know she didn't do that, for I would have seen it around here."

"That is true, so run up to her room, if that is where she went, and look for the note."

The maid ran swiftly up the stairs, and Harry tried to comfort the commission merchant, who was in a pitiable state.

"Don't give way like this, Mr. Crossman," he said, "until we know that there is something serious the matter."

"But it must be serious," groaned the merchant. "Isn't it plain that my dear child has been decoyed from the house?"

"Yes, but there may be some mistake about it."

"No, there cannot be. The maid says that the note was addressed to Christine, and that proves that there was some evil purpose about it."

"Have you any enemies, sir?"

"I did not know that I had, but this seems to argue that I must have. Oh, my darling child!"

Down the stairs flew the maid, a crumpled note held in her hand.

"I found it on the floor in her room," she said, and recognizing that the boy was the master spirit in the matter, she placed the paper in his hands. Our hero carefully opened it, and this is what he saw, written on a large, square prescription blank:

"DOCTOR JOHN SAMPSON,
219 WEST STREET,
NEW YORK.

Office Hours:
11 to 12.
6 to 8.

"MISS CHRISTINE CROSSMAN: I happened to be passing 42 — street when I saw your father fall to the ground. I ran to him and found that

an old wound in his thigh had reopened, and that he was in danger of bleeding to death from the hemorrhage. I carried him into 42 and temporarily stopped the bleeding, and am now standing by him until you come, when I will go home for my instruments and try to fix him up safely. He feels that he is in danger of dying, so implores you to come to him with all possible haste.

"Respectfully,

"JOHN SAMPSON, M. D."

Harry at once read the note to Mr. Crossman. "That address is right around the corner," he said, "so try to brace up, Mr. Crossman, and we'll go there at once."

The commission merchant got on his feet, still trembling, and Harry gave him his arm for support. In this manner they went out of the house and in a few minutes had turned the corner and come to No. 42. There was a street lamp in front of the door that showed the number plainly, but the house had a closed up appearance, not a single light showing, and the shutters all being tightly closed. Nevertheless Harry ran up the steps and rang the bell, which gave back a hollow sound, and when no answer came he pounded heavily on the door, but with no better success.

While Harry was pounding on the door a policeman came along and asked what the trouble was, and Harry stopped long enough to tell him briefly what had taken place.

"Why," said the officer, "to my knowledge that house has been empty for several months. Just wait a minute."

There was a livery stable not far away and the policeman ran quickly to it and came back with a lantern in his hand. Meanwhile our hero had taken hold of the handle and had violently shaken the door, and must have turned the handle somewhat, for to his surprise the door opened and he could faintly see the dark hallway beyond.

"That saves the trouble of breaking in," said the officer, and then he rapped for assistance. In a few minutes two more policemen came running up to the spot, and then all three with Harry along, went into the house and made a thorough search of it, but found it absolutely empty.

"It's evidently a job of some sort," said the first officer, "and the girl has probably been stolen for ransom. You had better go around to the station-house and tell your story to the captain, and he'll have the detectives on the matter in no time."

This was good advice, but Mr. Crossman was so prostrated by the affair that he was not able to walk alone, and so Harry said that he would assist him home, and requested that the police captain be sent to the house. This was at once agreed to, and the boy helped the stricken man home, the latter moaning about his loved daughter.

Harry was deeply puzzled over the matter, although for an instant he harbored the suspicion that in some way it was connected with the attacks on himself, but he could not see any reason for the idea and so dismissed it from his mind. He knew that Mr. Crossman was a wealthy man, and was inclined to favor the theory advanced by the policemen that the girl had been stolen in order to be ransomed for a large sum.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

PULLED ROOSTERS' TAILS

Morris Cohen, 41, of 34 Scammel street, was fined \$10 by Magistrate McKiniry in Jefferson Market Court, New York, for pulling feathers from the tails of live roosters that were being unloaded from a truck at the store of Franko Brothers, poultry dealers in Washington Market.

Jacob Jacobs, an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, told the court that hatmakers pay as high as \$15 a pound for such feathers as Cohen was pulling. Cohen, however, disclaims any desire for gain, saying he was "pulling them for fun."

SINGERS FACE RUIN IF RADIO KEEPS UP

Radio broadcasting is proving disastrous—financially—for many composers and singers, J. G. Rosenthal, counsel for the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, said in Washington at the National Radio Conference.

Reproduction of musical compositions in the radio stations constituted public performances, Mr. Rosenthal contended. He added that the large commercial stations would be asked to make payment.

"This radio use of our members' compositions is already making great inroads upon the sale of phonographs and records," Mr. Rosenthal said, "and refusing the royalties our members are entitled to receive. We anticipate the encroachment of the radio upon the phonograph field will go further since it is now announced that new apartments going up in New York have radio installations and people are dancing to the music transmitted."

A SCHOOLBOY STOPPED A WAR

A correspondent in Adelaide, South Australia, writes that Governor Bridges of that colony told recently an audience of schoolboys how an English schoolboy stopped a war in Armenia. The Governor was at Tiflis in 1919 when he learned that war had broken out between Georgia and Armenia for possession of a large tract of country that belonged to neither. Learning that the control officer was only a schoolboy who had been on the cricket teams of Eton and Sandhurst and had recently come from England, he sent him a telegram to stop the war and delimit a neutral zone.

"He was alone there, with his servant and an interpreter," said the Governor. "I afterwards learned that, riding a mule and accompanied by an interpreter and his servant bearing a Union Jack, he visited the opposing armies and in the name of the British Empire ordered them to cease firing. He then ordered both armies back ten miles, summoned their chiefs, and delimited a zone about the town of Yerevan, over which he made himself Governor."

"He did not police, appointed officials, run a government for about six months, nor only when he found he was getting too much into the life of the people did we get an officer of more military experience."

FOUR AMERICAN BOYS TO CLIMB MT. ROBSON

Four American boys are about to attempt to climb Mount Robson, one of the highest peaks in the Rockies, which so far has defied all climbers except two who scaled it in summer. Jean Landry, Jacques Bergues, Lambert Sternbergh and Charles R. Perryman are the daring youth who will risk their lives in attempting to reach the summit. They will take with them a heavy motion picture outfit so as to preserve a complete record of the expedition.

Mount Robson stands on the northeast boundary of British Columbia and has long been considered one of the most difficult peaks in the Canadian Rockies, from the climber's point of view. Many have tried to scale its icy sides and all failed but two, who reached the summit in the middle of summer. Experienced Alpinists have attempted to scale the peak and given it up as hopeless.

Bergues, Landry and Perryman ascended Mount Rainier, Wash., last winter. This was the first time the American peak was climbed except in summer.

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The Post-Boy's Luck

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG

The mail for the little hamlet of Clarksville, so called in honor of one of the oldest and most wealthy inhabitants, Judge Clark, was daily brought from the railroad station known as Braxton, some eight miles distant.

The post-boy left Braxton every evening at six o'clock, after the arrival of the last city mail.

It was not a particular profitable position, still, Charlie Williams thankfully accepted it, and three hundred dollars a year it brought in, when Judge Clark, as a vacancy occurred, had him appointed to fill the position.

Charlie Williams was the son of a poor widow, who had been left with a large family to support, and, so, although she much disliked Charlie's taking the position, for a previous rider had been murdered for the sake of some money which the undetected murderers must have known was in the mail bag, she gave her consent, for three hundred dollars a year would go a great way in her economizing hands, and she knew that her son could not expect to make that much at any other occupation to be found in the neighborhood.

The shadows of a night early in the fall had begun mantling the earth, when Charlie entered the Braxton office for the mail bag.

"Is my mail ready?" Charlie asked the postmaster.

"Yes," replied that individual, picking up a brown leather bag and handing it to Charlie. "And, my boy, you must be very careful of that bag, for it contains a great amount of bonds and money for Judge Clark."

"All right," responded Charlie; "I'm always careful."

"Yes—I know; but to-night you must be particularly careful."

"I'll be so. Anything else to go?"

"Yes."

"Well, all right. I only asked because it's going to be a dark, lonesome night, just such a one as highwaymen would select to rob you should they learn what the bag contains, and you have a deserted, lonely road to traverse."

"There'll be no danger, I guess. Good-night."

"Good-night," replied the postmaster, and stepping outside Charlie hooked the bag on the pommel of his saddle, vaulted on his horse's back and started on his long ride home.

Night had already fallen and, as the postmaster had said, it would be a dark one, for there was no moon at all, and dark, heavy clouds, portending a storm, were hanging low.

Charlie had frequently ridden post with large sums in his possession without a thought of fear, but to-night whether induced by the postmaster's words, or by some occult reason in the shape of presentiment, he seemed to feel that an impending danger was hanging over him and when he struck a woods, through which two miles of his route lay, he instinctively placed his revolver in a position

which would enable him to get it at an instant's warning, while the valuable mail bag he fixed more safely in its position, and then clasped his hands on top of the pommel.

Inside the woods it was as dark as Erebus.

He touched his horse's flanks with his heels, and urged him onward.

In about the center of the woods was a narrow ravine through which flowed a good-sized brook.

This was the most lonely part of the whole route. There was not a house within two miles on either side, and even on a clear moonlight night the overhanging trees made it a place of almost Egyptian darkness.

As he neared this spot he took the mail bag in his hand, while his right loosely held the bridle, Charlie allowing the staid old horse to follow his own road.

Down the declivity rattled the nag, his feet struck the narrow bridge, and then up the acclivity on the opposite side.

Charlie had begun to breathe easier, and they had almost reached the top, when the sharp crack of a revolver rang out, the faithful old horse gave out what was nearly a human groan of anguish and pain, stumbled, fell violently and quickly to his knees, the mail bag was wrested from his hand as he sought to save himself, and Charlie went flying over the horse's head, and landed forcibly against a huge rock beside the road.

Consciousness for a time deserted him.

"A good shot, Bill," said a gruff voice, as two men rose up from beside the road and approached the spot where the old horse was floundering about, bellowing with pain.

"Aye, it was," returned his companion, in an equally gruff tone. "Turn on the light, and let's see how matters stand. Wonder where that boy is?"

"He's all right," the speaker pulled the slide of a bullseye lamp, and directed its rays in the middle of the road.

There lay the horse, and beside him the coveted bag.

"There's the bag, Bill, take hold of it, and I'll put the horse out of his misery."

Whatever else they were—caring little for the sufferings of the human being—they could appreciate the sufferings of a horse, and a shot from the revolver he held in his hand proved the quietus of the animal.

Bill by this time had secured the mail bag.

"And now let's see where the rider is," he said, who had been called Bill.

The light was flashed about and Charlie was discovered.

"He won't know nothing for a while."

"I'm thinkin' he'll have a black eye. Look at that bruise."

"Yes, and a scar on his cheek that'll last him for life; guess he won't forget this night in a hurry."

"Guess not, ha! ha! ha!" and laughing in glee-ful chorus the brutal ruffians "doused the glim," and trudged back towards Braxton, intending, as their conversation showed, to take the earliest train away from the place.

Charlie remained unconscious but a few min-

utes, and had seen the first flash of the light as it had fallen upon his faithful horse.

He felt for his pistol—it was gone.

He had kept it too handy, and in his flight over his horse's head had lost it.

He shut his eyes just as they turned the dark lantern on him, and by a supreme effort managed to retain the appearance of unconsciousness as they gazed at him.

When they had departed, he arose and commenced crawling about on hands and knees in search of his revolver.

At last his search was rewarded.

He knew that they must be by this time a mile or more ahead of him.

About a half mile outside the woods a road crossed the Braxton road.

The robbers had passed this when they heard the clatter of approaching horses' feet.

They lay down beside the road and the horsemen passed without discovering them.

They were in a quandary. Should the men pursue the straight road the chances were that they would discover the mail rider and the dead horse, and being on horseback they could easily intercept them at Braxton.

If they pursued the cross road the robbers were safe.

In this predicament they determined to cut across country to a station several miles below Braxton, and to do so they had to return to the cross road and pursue that.

The horsemen had taken the cross road, but of this the robbers were not sure.

They were hardly off the main road when Bill who was carrying the bag, growled about its weight, and proposed cutting it open and ransacking it then and there.

After some argument they sat down on a pile of stones, taken from a field under cultivation; the light was directed on the bag—it was cut and the contents emptied at their feet.

Evidently well aware of the contents, they pulled the mail matter over-untill with a delighted cry, Bill held up a large sealed envelope, addressed to Judge Clark.

"I've got it!" he cried.

"Good! Now we'll be off."

Charlie meanwhile had hastened on toward Braxton.

As he neared the cross road he heard the tramping of feet, and finally saw the two men turn into it.

The fact of their coming from the direction of Braxton puzzled him, but a conviction that they were the robbers flashed itself upon his mind, and he followed them.

His heart beat high when he saw them climb over the fence, and his convictions were affirmed, when, crawling cautiously forward until he occupied a position on the opposite side of the stone pile, he heard their conversation, and saw the reflection of the light.

As the words—"now we'll be off"—were uttered he sprang to his feet and cried:

"Never—while you retain that letter of Judge Clark's."

"The rider," said both in amazement, and they flashed the light upon him.

Crack! crack! went the revolvers of the robbers, but Charlie had dropped to the ground and the bullets whistled harmlessly over his head.

"Guess that fixed him," growled Bill. "Come on, now, this place 'll be too hot to hold us in a little while."

They turned to go, but they counted without their host, for two sharp reports rang out in rapid succession and both fell, one with a broken leg, and the other wounded mortally.

Charlie darted across and seized the dark lantern, turned the slide and placed it on the stone heap so that its rays exposed the robbers, and then sunk back in the darkness.

"Surrender!" cried Charlie.

"We will," said one of them, gloomily.

"Throw your revolvers over by the stones," commanded the boy.

They did so.

Taking off his suspenders, Charlie tied Bill's hands behind him.

His companion needed no tying—he was dying.

"I'm done for, Bill," said the fellow.

The only reply which Bill vouched was a grunt and a string of curses on the head of the post-boy.

Several hours later a farmer, who had been to the city and returned by a late train, came along, and to him Charlie related the circumstances of the affair.

A wagon was procured and the robbers were taken to a house some distance away.

Jim Wilson, Bill's companion, before he died, made a confession which involved a post-office official in New York, he having furnished the information which led to the attacking Charlie.

Bill Jackson was sent to prison for twenty years.

Of course Judge Clark was highly grateful to Charlie for having captured the robbers and thus saved his bonds, and made the lad a present which placed him far above the necessity of riding post, and which enabled the fearless lad to make a nice home for his mother, and to educate and send forth into the world his brothers and sisters, who, as he himself also did, became shining lights in the circle in which they moved.

GIVES GOLD IN HIS TEETH TO THE POOR

Michael Cahill, a San Francisco Civil War veteran, who died recently, wrote his last will and testament in a spirit of repentance and charity.

In concluding his will Cahill said:

"Obedience to the divine law in death may in part compensate for disobedience in life."

Although his fortune was small, he overlooked nothing in its distribution.

"To the poor," he said, "I wish to give the gold in my teeth."

For himself he made but one request, and that was that no embalming fluid be used on his body. As authority for this he referred to Ecclesiastes 12:7:

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

After making small bequests to relatives, Cahill gave \$200 to the Red Cross and \$100 to the Hebrew Orphanage.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

WORLD'S BIGGEST GEM

What is held to be the largest uncut precious stone in the world is a flawless black opal discovered in this country and now said to be in the office of a Government official in Washington. The gem contains approximately twenty-one cubic inches, weighs 2,572.332 carats, and is valued by the owners at \$250,000. The colors are translucent blues and greens with a little red. The famous Viennese opal, which was without equal until the American specimen was found, weighs 1,658,927 carats, but has a number of flaws.

MUSKRAT DRAINS BIG POND

A million gallons of water intended for use rushed into Chester Creek at Milltown, Pa., when a bank gave way on the east side of a big impounding pond. One muskrat is charged with causing the break.

An investigation by borough men disclosed the fact that the animal had dug a trench beside a 24-inch pipe intended for draining the pond. The water, rushing at high pressure through this, soon enlarged the opening until a big section of the embankment gave way and the pool was drained. Repairs were started at once.

Thousands of bass, catfish, suckers and other fish went down Chester Creek, but many more are imprisoned beneath a foot of ice, which covers the bottom of the pond.

DRUM WIRELESS IN AFRICA

The natives of Darkest Africa—from the Cape to Cairo and the Niger to the Nile—have had an efficient wireless system of their own for centuries.

It is quite as effective as that which spans the Atlantic and has an additional advantage of not being bothered by the weather.

A bark drum is the sending instrument, and the African's acutely attuned ear, the receiver. From village to village by a series of drum beats, not unlike the dots and dashes of a code, the natives

convey current news, announcement of battles, warnings of approaching enemies or epidemics and other subjects of interest to jungle denizens.

"Kaffir drum wireless," as it is popularly known, is operated almost exclusively in the stillness of the night when a tap on a tightly drawn skin is heard for many miles. The most detailed code has been worked out, and the speed with which the native wireless works has often amazed Europeans.

At night villages talk with each other, exchange gossip, make inquiries and get replies—all through the drum wireless.

The native wireless is also the daily newspaper of the Africans—circulating home and foreign news, crop reports, in fact giving its users a full report of the things which are vital and interesting to those who inhabit that part of the world.

LAUGHS

Harduppe—Every man should marry. Everything I have in the world I owe to my wife. Wigwag—Don't forget that ten-spot you owe me.

"Lots of girls say they would rather dance than eat." "But they don't mean that. You gotta buy supper for 'em."

Frenchmen have a strong sense of what is funny. We English-speaking people find it out when we try to talk to them in French.

"Why were you exceeding the speed limit?" "Judge, I was taking a visiting friend to the station." "Guess I can't fine you them. We are told to speed the parting guest."

Happy Bridegroom—Waiter, I want dinner for two. Waiter—Vill ze haf table d'hote or a la carte? Happy Bridegroom (generous to a fault, but weak in French)—Bring us some of both, with lots of gravy.

"I don't like these photos at all," he said, "I look like an ape." The photographer favored him with a glance of lofty disdain. "You should have thought of that before you had them taken," was his reply as he turned back to work.

"Late for reveille again, I see, O'Malley," snorted the irate captain. "How do you account for this persistent tardiness?" "'Tis inherited, sir," answered Private O'Malley. "Me father was the late Michael O'Malley."

A settlement worker was speaking of the relaxed moral standards that she found among the people in her district in New York—owing, she thought, to the upsetting conditions of the war period. "One boy I know," she said, "was recently sent to the reform school, and a neighbor was trying to console the lad's mother. "'Yes,' said the mother, 'it is a shame. He was such a good boy, too. Everything he stole he used to bring right home to me.'"

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

HIS ACRE OAT CROP WON FARM AS PRIZE

The death of Theodore Harms of Salkum, Wash., recalls the fact that twelve years ago this Lewis county farmer grew what is probably the greatest crop of oats ever produced on a single acre of land in the United States. The seed was furnished by a middle western seed company and as a prize for having produced the record crop Harms received a deed to an eighty-acre farm near Marinette, Wis. Harms grew ten acres of oats that season, but only one was entered in the contest, which was in accordance to certain rules. The crop yielded 224 bushels to the acre, machine measurement, a bushel weighing 38 pounds. So far as is known this record has not yet been equalled.

PUSH BABY BUGGIES 52 MILES FOR CUP

Wheeling a perambulator in which nestled her baby, Mrs. Lily Groom, of Eastbourne, finished first in the fifty-two-mile perambulator race from London, covering the distance in twelve hours and twenty minutes.

Mrs. Groom was loudly cheered by crowds of spectators who gathered to see the finish of the novel race. She was still going at a good pace when she crossed the "finish line," followed fourteen and twenty-three minutes later by two others of the five who started out from London at dawn.

The mothers who finished second and third, likewise, showed but little exhaustion, while all three babies appeared happy and contented. Two of the mothers were left resting by the roadside.

The winner will receive a silver "shoving" cup and about enough money to buy a new pair of shoes.

The contest was the outgrowth of a controversy between the mothers of the north and the south of England as to which section had the hardiest and speediest baby carriage chauffeurs.

Three of the babies who were in the race are under a year old, the youngest only five months. The remaining two are both two years old.

LIGHTHOUSES ON HIGHWAYS OF STATE OF WASHINGTON

No more will the lighthouse service be confined to rocky promontories or isolated coast-lines. Modern automatic acetylene lights guaranteed to run and burn six months with no recharging are being installed at all dangerous curves, trestles, bridges and cross-roads on the several highways crossing the State of Washington.

Each lighthouse is six feet high, about twenty inches across the base, built of concrete and steel and surmounted by a bull-eye light eighteen inches in diameter. Illumination will be red to indicate danger and of the flash type to distinguish it from any other in the vicinity. The

flashes are to be timed at the rate of fifty a minute. An appropriation of \$25,000 was made by the recent Legislature to provide for these beacon lights. A corps of lighthouse tenders will be added to the State Highway Commission.

The spectacle of the paved highway of this State at night with the flashing red spots gleaming over hill and down in the valleys will mark one of the most unusual innovations yet intalled by the Northwestern group of States.

Nothing has been attempted heretofore to make night driving so safe as the placing of the danger lights. They will also prove useful in foggy and stormy days when observation ahead is limited.

LOUISIANA TREE 2,500 YEARS OLD


The fifth oldest known living thing on earth, and the third oldest in North America, is a giant cypress tree in what is known as the Edenborn Brake, in Winn parish, Louisiana, according to Carleton F. Poole, of the Louisiana State Conservation Department.

The age of the tree has been placed at 2,500 years by Prof. Herman Schrenk, of St. Louis, and other scientists who have examined it. According to records, it is exceeded in longevity only by the Santa Maria del Tule cypress, near Oaxaca, Mexico, 5,000 to 6,000 years old, the Dragon tree at Orotava, Island of Teneriffe, 4,000 years old, the Redwood tree, California, 4,000 years, and the Baobab tree, Senegal, 4,000 years old.

The Edenborn cypress was budding into life when Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar.

The tree was one of a number of its kind in a tract of pine timber purchased by William Edenborn some years ago, and when logging began he refused to permit it and three others almost as large to be felled, although the giant contains approximately 23,000 feet of lumber. It is peculiarly situated for one of its species, for while the cypress usually grows in swamps the Edenborn specimen stands in a hollow between hills.

One of the three cypresses left standing with it was felled by a storm some months ago. Mr. Edenborn has offered the aged giant and its two companions to the Conservation Department to do with them as it sees fit, so long as none is injured. The department plans construction of a highway to them so that the spot may be visited more easily by tourists and home folk.



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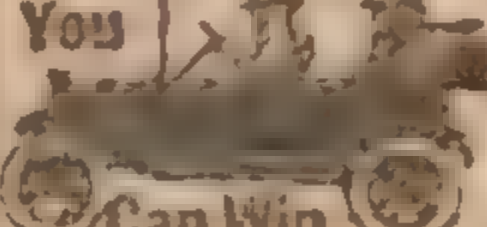
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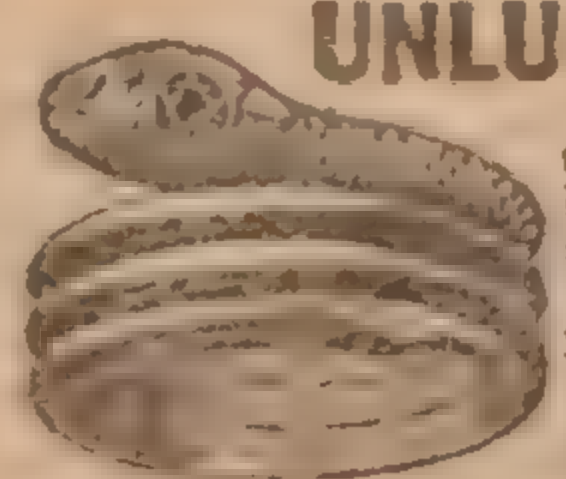
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HOW CHINESE MAKE PEARLS

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theory of the pro-
duction of pearls
was that they
were congealed
dew drops. An-
other notion was
that pearls were
the eggs of oys-
ters. The Chinese
solved the prob-
lem and found
that pearls were
due to the irrita-
tion produced by
the introduction
of some foreign
matter, such as a
grain of sand,
into the shell of
the oyster. This
bit of matter is
coated by the
oyster with na-
acre like that with
which the shell is
lined, and the re-
sult is a pearl.
The Chinese and
Japanese carry
on the artificial
production of
pearls to a con-
siderable extent.
The shells of the
oyster are sepa-
rated gently and
a small bit of
mud or a tiny
piece of lead is
inserted under
the flesh to serve
as a nucleus for
the pearl. The
shell is then
closed and the
oyster is placed
carefully in a
stream of water
to feed on man-
ure. After an in-
terval of four
years the shells
are opened and
the nuclei, coated
with naacre, are
removed. Pearls
produced in this
way are genuine
and wholly nat-
ural. The pro-
cess is started ar-
tificially, but it is
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oyster in a strict-
ly natural man-
ner.



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| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
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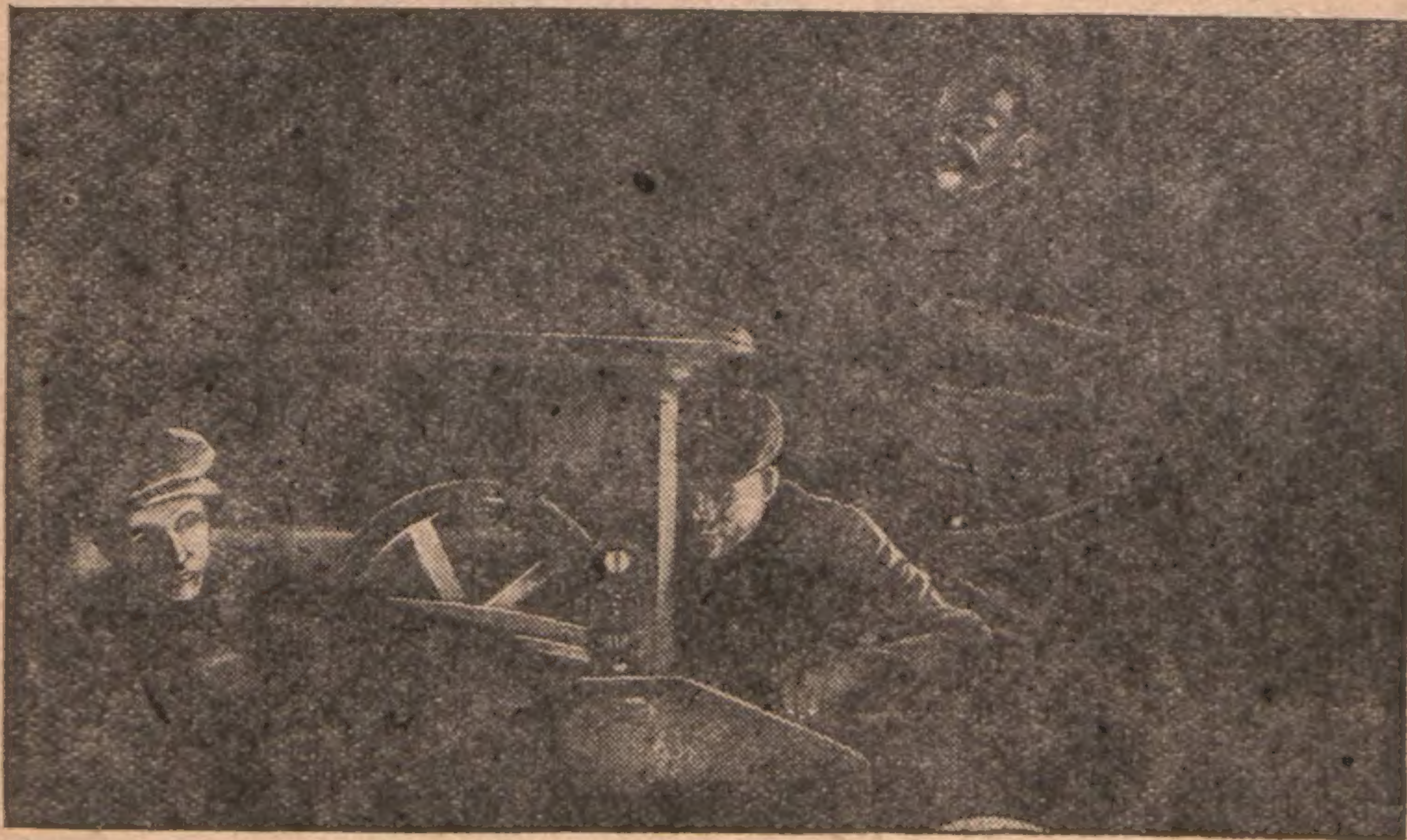
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